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The Bystander, January 25, 1933 No. 1519. Vol. CXVII.

The BYSTANDER

Sasha

MADELEINE CARROLL

A fascinating study of a fascinating person: Madeleine Carroll, who has, for the moment, deserted the stage for the screen. She is working on a film, "Love and Let Live," at the Gaumont British studios, in which Ivor Novello is her opposite number

The PASSING HOUR

"The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World

THE astrologer who said that Mars was playing tricks in the universe and that, consequently, there would be a great many fires during the first half of January, proved that he knew his stuff, for within two or three days Lady Poulett's house in the country was burnt, Captain "Babe" Barnato's was burnt, and so was Lady Cunard's house in Grosvenor Square. The Pouletts have not lived at their home for some time, but Captain Barnato had just done up Ardenrun Hall, near Lingfield, and it must have been particularly agitating for Mrs. Barnato in her delicate state of health.

THE Grosvenor Square fire must have been very exciting for the other residents, as there were twenty fire engines, and a great deal of the furniture was taken out and put on the pavement. Altogether, the companies who deal with fire insurance cannot fail to be very sad and sorry for themselves since Christmas.

ALL London has been twittering with excitement over the Smiley-Beaton wedding. C. B. Cochran himself could not have stage-managed it better; and although the descriptions of whitewashed blackberry-bushes and fir-cones, Cecil Beaton's white satin cravat made out of his mother's wedding dress, and the garlands of flowers for the entanglement of the bridesmaids appear a little ridiculous in cold print, the effect was really very pretty.

MISS BEATON'S "Young Ladies" were, perhaps, a little under-rehearsed, as they had a slight difficulty in disentangling their garlands of flowers and dealing with their trains, which got perfectly

Flowers to Carry

Above are six of Miss Nancy Beaton's bridesmaids leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, wearing and carrying their long garlands of white flowers. The eight bridesmaids were Miss Baba Beaton, Miss Leticia Chattock, Lady Anne Wellesley, Lady Violet Pakenham, Lady Bridget Poulett, Miss Margaret Whigham, Miss Joan Eyres-Monsell, and Miss Joan Buckmaster

A Princess is Christened

Princess Pamela Therese Louise, Prince and Princess Alphonse de Chimay's daughter, was christened last week. Above are Capt. James Hennessy, a godfather, Princess Alphonse de Chimay, Lady Buchanan-Jardine, a godmother, and Prince Alphonse de Chimay

"A Bill of Divorcement"

Above: Lady Skipwith, Sir William Bromley-Davenport and Lady Brownlow in the play performed by the house-party at Capesthorne Hall

Left: Mr. Pen Lloyd and Mrs. Victor Emmanuel, whose husband is M.F.H. of the Pytchley, at the Woodland Pytchley Wire Fund Ball at Fernywoods Hall, near Kettering

swaebe

and Flowers to Wear

filthy between the church and the reception ; but as most of them will have the trains cut off for future use, it was a matter of little importance.

THE invitations for Miss Margaret Whigham's wedding are now out. The date is Tuesday, February 21st, at 11.15 a.m. Morning weddings are becoming quite fashionable. Lady Joan Villiers was also married in the morning. She has gone off on her honeymoon to Madeira, which seems to be the only place where one can be certain of warm weather at this time of year. I fear, though, if the English people really discover this, that the climate will be ruined. It seems that we have only to patronise a place enough to ruin its climate. Cairo used to be warm in the winter, and so did the Riviera.

The bride and bridegroom of last week's big wedding : Sir Hugh Smiley and Miss Nancy Beaton. The bride's lovely white and silver dress, as well as the general décor, was designed by her brother, Mr. Cecil Beaton

Below : two of the guests at the wedding of Sir Hugh Smiley and Miss Nancy Beaton last week were Mme. de Peña and Mr. Renshaw

Below : Miss Rosemary Wilson and the Countess of Darnley leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, together

Miss Betty Williams and Mrs. Richard Herbert going to the reception at 16, Bruton Street

Mr. Drury Lowe and the Countess of Jersey were at the wedding, too, as was most of London

THE 'flu epidemic is sweeping through London almost as thoroughly as it did in 1918, although this breed of 'flu is not as virulent as it was then. In most cases, it is over within two or three days unless it is neglected, and then it is fatal. Miss Jeanne Stourton, who works at Selfridge's, had a most alarming experience last week. She had been in a car smash a few days before, and suffered slight concussion. On top of this, she got 'flu, and while she was working she suddenly went completely blind for half an hour ; so she has been sent off for a thorough convalescence.

THERE has been great excitement in the Caraman de Chimay family over the birth of Prince Caraman de Chimay's little girl. Lady Buchanan-Jardine, who is the Princess's sister, came up to London specially for the christening, and, lunching at the Ritz next day, she was still looking all pleased and excited about it.

Lady Furness and Mrs. Vanderbilt were also lunching there that day. They are not very often seen together, and so one is apt to forget how much alike they are.

I WONDER what the waiters thought of the old gentleman who was sitting at one end of the restaurant, and, when he had finished his luncheon, went peacefully to sleep? They could not have had very much sympathy with him, because they came and woke him up with the bill. However, he paid it and went to sleep again, and so there was nothing more that they could do about it until he had had his sleep out.

THE STAGE GOLFING SOCIETY dance at the Savoy went with a great swing, in spite of the fact that the stage people themselves behaved with dignity and propriety, and that it was left to the others to get things going. Tommy Graves was in particularly good form, and put on a most successful juggling act during the supper with a dozen or so of the Savoy's plates. Waiters stood round with eyes popping from their heads while watching the guest break china for them.

MISS FRANCES DAY might be described as the Belle of the Ball. She has changed her coiffure again, and is now dressed in the same style as the goddesses of Greek mythology. Moreover, she dresses to her coiffure, and not only her evening gown but her sandals were classic Greek. Miss Florence Desmond was wearing a striking dress of crêpe de Chine shaded from grey to red. Sydney Howard was having the time of his life, and, watching him talking earnestly with his friends, one realised that all his funniness is entirely natural to him.

Above: Dorothy Hyson and her mother, Dorothy Dickson. The former is appearing as Dinah in "Flies in the Sun," Ivor Novello's latest comedy, at the Playhouse

Left: Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. John Tennant's baby son was christened at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, and was named Mark Iain. With them is their three-year-old son, Anthony John. Mrs. Tennant is Lord Charnwood's elder daughter

Below: Miss Vivian John, Mr. Augustus John's daughter, working on a sketch in her Chelsea studio. She inherits her father's talent in no small degree, and her sketches are much sought after, though she has not yet exhibited any of her work in public

The Tennant Baby Christened

Douglas

Miss Rose Vincent, Senator Arthur Vincent's daughter, as she will appear in "Beauty and the Beast in 1968," at the Fairy Tale Ball. Miss Vincent, who is chairman of the Junior Committee, is arranging the tableau, for which scenery and dresses have been designed by Mr. C.-L. de Beaumont

THERE were some extraordinary clothes. One woman was dressed in what appeared to be black oil-cloth—the kind of material that is usually used for bathroom windows—and as she boasted a middle-age spread, the effect was really most striking. Oh, how I would hate to be an actress, though! There were all the younger ones sitting around saying, "My dear, do look at So-and-so. How she has gone off! She looks as old as the hills since last time I saw her."

THERE was a most enchanting dachshund puppy at Quaglino's Grill the other night. He could not have been more than five weeks old. He was very

Like Father

Mr. Scrope Egerton and Miss Marjorie Morrison, Lady Mary Morrison's only daughter, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after their wedding. Mr. Scrope Egerton, who is in the Highland Light Infantry, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Egerton

Another of last week's weddings was that of Mr. David Hammersley and Miss Maureen Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Martin's daughter, which took place at Westminster Cathedral

black and satiny, and trimmed with patches of brown. His behaviour was perfect until the Spanish dancer came on the floor. As she stamped and snapped her fingers in time with the music, the puppy began to sit up and take notice. At last he could bear it no more, and he raised his voice exactly in time with her stamping, so he had to be hastily popped under the table.

I'VE been told about a night club dachshund in Paris which cost £700. He is black and tan, and only half the usual size. His mistress takes him everywhere with her, and as he stays up till six o'clock every morning, his life will probably be sweet but short.

THE clientèle of the Café de Paris have become so used to shouting and encoring the cabaret turn that they do it now automatically. The Four Musketeers, from the Schubert Theatre in New York, are really not as good as all that, but they were applauded as if they were Marian Harris or Florence Desmond. As usual, the Duke of Marlborough was dancing every dance.

Mrs. Robert Frazer and Sir Roderick Jones at the English-Speaking Union luncheon, given at the Park Lane Hotel, for Mr. Philip La Follette, the former Governor of Wisconsin

The V. W. H. (Earl Bathurst's) Hunt Ball

The V.W.H. Ball was held at Bingham Hall, Cirencester, and was in the first flight of amusing West Country dances. Above are Mr. H. L. Christie and Miss D. Currie; below are the Hon. William Bathurst, Lady Alastair Graham, the Hon. Mrs. William Bathurst, and Lord Alastair Graham

Like Daughter

"IF I HAD A MILLION," at the Plaza, has been doing very good business, and every night the foyer is filled with the cream of the talkie audiences. The other night, Sir Philip Sassoon, Lord Portman, and Lady Furness were all there with various parties. They are most persistent talkie-goers, and I am told that Lady Furness has seen the Fairbanks film three times.

THE racing world will miss Captain Victor Sassoon very much. It is hard to believe that his fall at Lingfield could have proved fatal. He fell at the second fence, which is near the stand, and although the people on the other side ran down to see what had happened, there was no indication that the fall had been fatal. The ambulance, of course, is never sent down when the going is rough, because it would bump too much, and nothing was said about his accident in the stand afterwards, so that very few people realised how serious it was.

SIR JAMES BARRIE is acting as "special adviser" to Lady Kemball-Cooke, who is producing the Peter Pan Tableau at the Fairy Tale Ball, and is herself taking the part of Peter Pan. One of the most original tableaux is "Beauty and the Beast in 1968," arranged by Miss Rose Vincent; the futuristic dresses and scenery have been designed by Mr. C.-L. de Beaumont, who is also taking a part.

Mr. Walter Nightingall, whose Blue Mount won the Montem Hurdle on the second day at Windsor, and Mrs. L. R. Dunne

Mr. G. Bostwick, who rode his first winner since his arrival from America when he won the Royal Borough Hurdle on Jukwa, with Mrs. Huntriss, Mr. A. C. Bostwick, his brother, and Lord Stalbridge, who also had a horse running

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Raphael, the well-known owners, were at the Windsor Meeting, although they did not have any horses running

A Racing Reverie

Meet the Hon. Ferdinand ffindout

By "Regular"

CAPTAIN SASSOON has succumbed to his injuries, and his passing has cast a shadow over the whole racing world, for we mourn one of the bravest men we have ever known; one who, by his indomitable pluck, had found his way into the heart of every one of us.

I CANNOT better explain his popularity than by quoting from an article I wrote a few weeks ago: "Captain Sassoon holds a unique place in the hearts of the British public. Apart from the King, his is the only success they cheer when they themselves have lost their money."

CAPTAIN SASSOON was not a great jockey, he was not a great horseman; but we shall remember him long after many a finer rider is forgotten. May that indomitable spirit of his have gone to a land where the fences are big but the falling light, and the horses well schooled, for "the Captain" could never be happy unless he could indulge in the sport he loved so well.

IN the face of what has occurred, it is difficult to devote oneself whole-heartedly to the lighter side of racing, but we can rest assured that he would have had it so, and, true to my promise, I am giving this week the first of my pen-pictures of typical Regulars. In introducing to you the Hon. Ferdinand ffindout, I must once more point out that the Honourable Gentleman, like his successors, while, I trust, true to type, is a fictitious character.

HON. FERDINAND FFINDOUT: age, late fifties; clubs, The Tout and The Inquisitive; sole occupation, seeking information.

HON. FERDINAND is obviously a man of means; he is a member of every race-club, bar Tenby, and one might wonder why so enthusiastic a supporter of the Turf does not support it still further by becoming an owner. Ownership, however, does not appeal to him at all. With a horse of his own, he would know automatically; there would be nobody to tout.

AN ever-benevolent Creator and the late Mr. Li Jacob, between them, provided him with a keen eyesight and an excellent pair of race-glasses. (The former free of charge, and the latter at the moderate cost of 15 guineas.) Of these priceless possessions the Hon. Ferdinand makes no use at all; he prefers to rely on his ears, which are so sharp they can hear a travelling head lad whispering on the other side of the paddock.

THE workman is worthy of his hire, and the informant must, in all cases, be recompensed, and not even the most long-suffering of his victims could accuse the Hon. Ferdinand of parsimony, while the bars know no better customer. His scale of recompense is as follows:

NEGATIVE INFORMATION, such as: "Ours isn't buzzing," or "So-and-So's not worth two-pennorth of cold gin"—Reward: small whisky and soda.

POSITIVE INFORMATION: "We shall have a winner at Gatwick," or "We 've one at home that goes like a scalded cat"—Reward: Large whisky and soda.

IMMEDIATE INFORMATION: "Back ours each way"—Reward: Pint of champagne.

FEAR-NOTHING INFORMATION: "Ours is a certainty"—Reward: A BOTTLE.

RACING during the past week or so has been as dull as ditch-water, though I found a number of disgruntled thrusters at Windsor, cursing the foot-and-mouth, fog, and 'flu, all forgetful (note the alliteration) of the fact that it has been a marvellously "open" winter, and that they have a whole packet to be thankful for.

WINDSOR is just about the last place you 'd go to escape fog, but whereas when we left London it was as black as Sir Hugh Seely's hat, it was quite pleasantly fine round Windsor Castle.

ON the previous day that most promising hurdler, Dodabetta, gave further proof how desperately unlucky he must have been to have been beaten at Newbury. He was once again ridden by Duller's boy prodigy, E. Young.

THIS youth has been a perfect godsend to racing journalists, who find it very hard to fill their columns these dull days, and I hold the distinction of being the only one who has not yet made the joke about his having an old head on young shoulders.

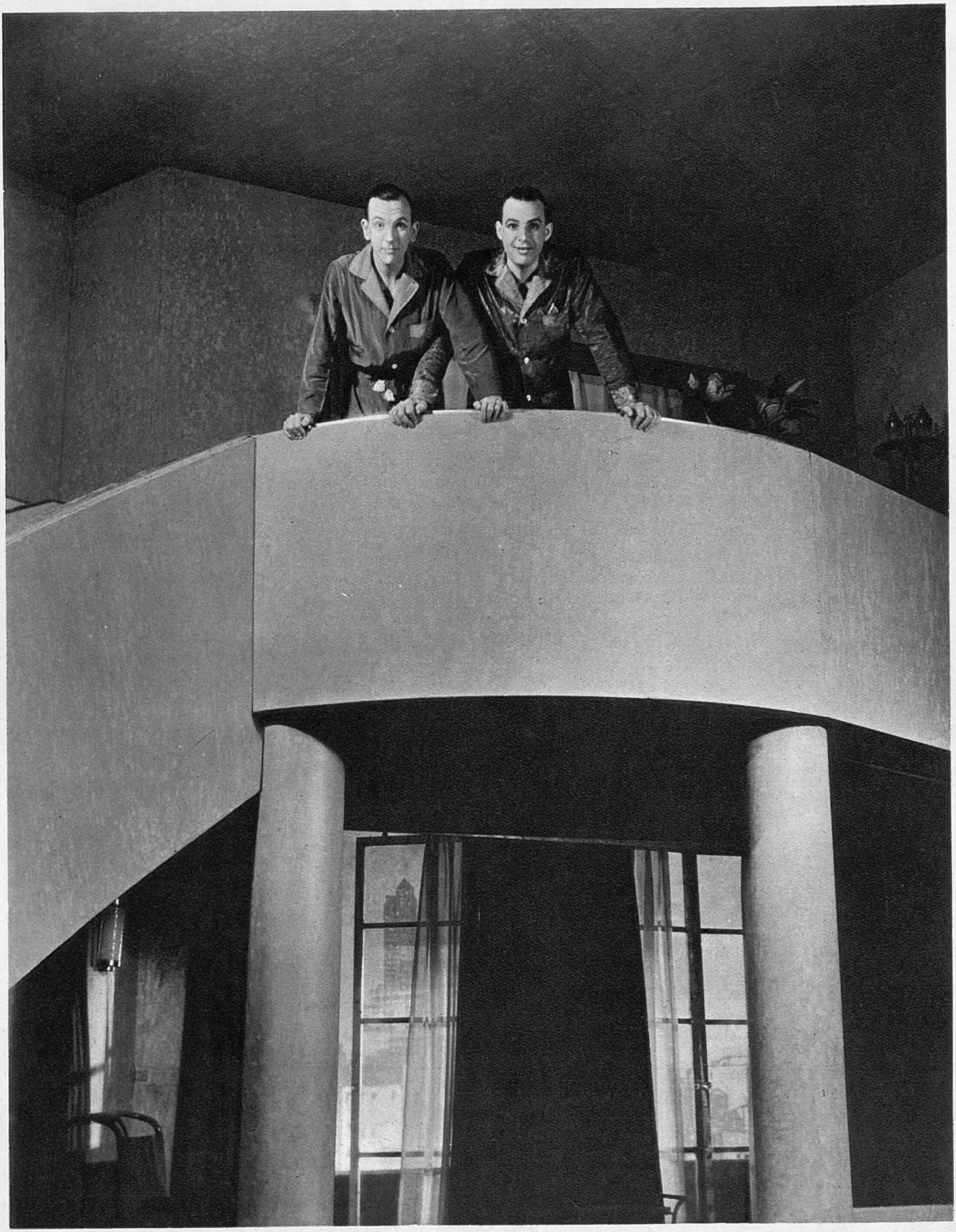
LIKE all the others, though, I can foresee a meteoric future for Master Young if he does everything George Duller tells him. He is obviously chock full of dash, and at Newbury he gave proof of remarkable strength for his age.

ANOTHER youth to set the Thames alight recently was Master Dart, who rode two winners and shaped like a very promising horseman. One racing journalist (all honour to him) discovered that he was the son of the gardener of that popular owner Mr. Blenkiron. It 's little bits of social gossip like this which send our Debs rushing to their morning papers.

BUT to return to Windsor. I always remember the first race I saw there. My stand was somewhere in the vicinity of Athens, on the other side of the river. However, just as the horses were turning into the straight and things were getting interesting, I was interrupted by a "Beak" on a bike, who reported me to my tutor, who punished me severely.

No punishment awaited us on this visit to Windsor Races; in fact, the majority of us got a little bit to go on with, the two good things of the day, Drintown and Black Admiral, duly obliging.

DRINTOWN'S victory was a desperately near thing, and we had to wait for the numbers before we knew whether Billy Stott's powerful finish had been successful or not; but Black Admiral fairly cakewalked it, and is obviously very useful.



Vandamm, New York

"DESIGN FOR LIVING"

Meet Noel Coward and Alfred Lunt on a balcony! This is the first photograph of "Design for Living," Noel Coward's new play, which was produced early this month at the Hanna Theatre, Cleveland, before it goes to New York. Lynn Fontaine (Mrs. Alfred Lunt) is in it, too, and will appear in next week's "Bystander," when more exclusive photographs of this brilliant comedy will be published

Miss Betty Freeman and Mr. Ronald Gaunt at supper at Grosvenor House, where the dance was held, in aid of the British Section of the Fund

Mr. Kari-Davis with Miss Rosemary Villiers, who is an energetic worker for charity dances; she is on the Junior Committee of the Fairy Tale Ball

A party of five at supper were Mrs. Joseph Mackle, Captain Craig, Lady Hodder-Williams, Mr. Peter Hall and Mrs. Craig

The January Ball

In Aid of the Save the Children Fund

Beer was popular at this table, where Mr. Denis Webster, Miss Pamela Moorhouse, Mr. T. Sowerby, Mrs. Dennis Russell, and Mr. Russell were sitting

Left: Miss Rosemary Robertson, Mr. Alan Russell, and Miss Diana Cooke were a very decorative and cheerful trio of guests at the dance

Mr. L. H. Colls, Miss Monica Elliott, Mr. C. H. Higgins, Mrs. Fardell, Mr. P. F. McMasters, and Miss Cynthia Mourilyan all faced the camera's attack with a smile

Below: Miss Varola Calmettes and Mr. Seaward were another couple who caught the camera's eye

Captain Tom Goldie, the Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Buckland, Mr. Ian Bruce, and Miss Diana Moore Gwynn were good subjects for an impromptu "conversation-piece"

Hors d'Oeuvres: *By "Caviare"*

SO few men look their best in high-necked sweaters. Perhaps Sir Oswald Mosley, that most fascinating and at-the-moment-ex-political Baronet, is an exception. I don't admire Mr. Patrick Balfour in his; but the Duc de Verdura looks rather chic at Monte in one.

HOW jealous everyone is of Mrs. Dudley Ward's fortune from the late Mr. Michael Herbert! She is so lovely, with that wonderful, sensitive, spiritual look in her eyes which painters of every age have tried to portray. Penelope, like so many daughters to-day, is half-eclipsed by her well-known mother, but she is wise enough to be her most sincere admirer.

THINGS I like this week (lucky people!) are Lady Howe's two forehead kiss-curls; Lady Castlerosse's aquamarine ring; the Duke of Marlborough's suède dancing shoes; Miss Audrey Simpson's black eyes.

THINGS I am oh, so tired of, please, Mr. Editors!—
Lady Dashwood's gloves.
Lady Mount Temple's favourite colour (green).
Miss Rosamund Hornby and bits of statues.
The Beaton wedding.

EVERYONE is speculating as to what will eventuate between a rich M.P. and his popular Mayfair wife. Will he apologise? Will she return? Will he unlock the front door?

OH, dear! Oh, dear! How many hearts go pit-a-pat when Lord Sefton rides by! He looks "divine," to quote a pretty ex- and titled débutante. That so charming man, Lord Beatty, also hunts with the Cottesmore. With both of them out, I tell you, the girls are all a-flutter!

I WRITE from St. Moritz. My most lovely blonde head, but so very well-balanced, is Lady Vernon's. She has tremendous will power, and naturally gets things as she wants them. Mrs. Cunningham-Reid has taken her radiant red head to Klosters. She has perfect poise and great charm.

CAN we ever be as brilliant as our elders and betters? Fancy trying, if you were Lady Oxford's children, to be as clever as she is! Will "Nigs"—sorry! Lord Ratendone—be as wise as Lord Willingdon? But then, what would Mr. and Mrs. Coward say about Noel? They couldn't compete, could they?

WHAT do you notice first about people?
Mrs. Peter Thursby's mouth.
Lord Coventry's moustache.
Lady Cambridge's expression.
Mrs. Gulbenkian's husband.

LADY BRECKNOCK is one of those most charming people who are rather shy. She is lovely and her head should be sculptured, with its natural, upturned curls. She is definitely intelligent, and has a quick, appreciative brain. She is a real and sincere friend.

WHAT has a certain "Lady" said to her husband about a very beautiful blonde? And what is she going to do?

MAJOR-GENERAL "JACK" SEELY is one of the cheeriest people to meet; he is always gay and generally has a merry quip for everybody. Sir Hugh Seely is not so eloquent; he looks a little anxious and slightly surprised by life. His brother, Nigel, has a plump and happy smile.

WHO have lovely necks? Mrs. James Beck, of course; Lady Elizabeth Paget, Mme. Alanova, and Lady Meriel Brabazon. I don't admire Mrs. Ian Campbell's neck, or Lady Angela Scott's; and a certain young-married's could do with a good wash before next Thursday at the Embassy.

Photographs Swaebe

The Hon. Mrs. Barnard, Mrs. Archie Campbell, Lady Muriel Beckwith, Lady Buchanan-Jardine, and Mrs. Eben Pike were all lunching together the other day at the quaintly decorated French-village club, "Le Bon Viveur," in New Shepherd Market

Mr. Peter Thursby and Mrs. Drogo Montagu seen supping at the Café de Paris, where they are among the Wednesday night regulars

IS a semi-engaged young man really "semi-detached"? And isn't she being very silly about it? Too much gossip spoils a romance, believe me.

WHAT really happened in the cloak-room at the Hunt Ball? I think a not-so-young lady could tell us—if she would.

LADY SUSAN EGERTON is graceful—at times.
Mrs. James Hennessy is reserved—in public.
Miss Iris Ashley is vivacious—and how!
Mrs. Euan Wallace is pensive—wide-eyed!

I LIKE Englishmen with a parting in their hair; otherwise they are inclined to look like waiters. Jean Borotra, being a Frenchman, can "get away" with the brushed-back look, and I like Mr. Robin d'Erlanger's thick dark hair. Lord Londonderry has a very low-on-the-left parting.

CLOTHES notes—
Lord Headley wears a Norfolk jacket.
Mrs. Roland Cubitt wears her béret really well.
Mrs. Colin Buist wears strap shoes.
Mrs. Prior-Palmer has unbecoming racing hats.
Mrs. Jack Dewar has a savage-looking leopard racing coat.

OVAL face—Mrs. Euan Wallace.
Broad forehead—Mrs. Loel Guinness.
Arched eyebrows—Lady Dashwood.
Shy eyes—Lady Betty Butler.
Arched nostrils—Lady Buchanan-Jardine.
Gay mouth—Mrs. Arthur Crichton.
Result=don't ask me.

IN my young days—when young men were particular, damme, Sir!—they didn't walk about with their hands in their pockets. I saw a well-known Peer enter a restaurant behind a lovely lady with both hands deep in them. O tempora! O mores!

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides : By "Big Ben"

Left : Sir Geoffrey Ellis, who was made a Baronet in the last Birthday Honours, has been the Conservative Member for Winchester since October 1931 ; he was the Member for Wakefield from 1922 to 1923, and 1924 to 1929

Right : Major the Hon. Edward Cadogan, who is the Member for Finchley ; he was elected there in 1924, defeated in 1929, and won it back from the Liberals in 1931. Major Cadogan is Earl Cadogan's eldest son ; he was Secretary to the Speaker for twenty years, and was also on the Simon Commission

THE two by-elections have caused singularly little excitement. But for that, perhaps, the enormous majority of the National Government is to blame. A by-election, when the fate of the Government depends on the result, is followed by millions with the same interest which is usually reserved for Test Matches. The fights at Liverpool and East Fife, however, outside their own localities mean nothing, and, consequently, except in the Beaverbrook Press, they have been almost ignored.

So far the Government has been remarkably successful in the by-elections fought since the General Election. Every Government with a big majority expects to lose by-elections ; dissatisfaction and petty discontent keep supporters from the poll ; there is no national need for them to vote, while the Opposition has all the advantage of the attacking party. Yet the present Government has lost only two seats since October 1931.

MR. MACDONALD, though, will not put much store by this. He knows by-election portents are too often fickle guides. Disraeli was badly led astray in 1880 by the result at Southwark, where, for the first and last time, a Conservative—in this case, Sir Edward Clarke—won the seat. Even Queen Victoria, on this occasion, was misled, writing to her Prime Minister that "the victory at Southwark shows what the feeling of the country is." On the strength of it Disraeli dissolved Parliament, and in the subsequent election the Liberals had a majority of over a hundred.

THE famous Newport election in 1922 had, I suppose, more momentous results than almost any by-election in political history. It led directly to the downfall of the Lloyd George Coalition, indirectly to the General Election of 1922 and the subsequent Premierships of Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Baldwin.

Mr. Reginald Clarry—Member for Newport to-day—was the hero of the hour, and I, for one, regret that his services then have never been sufficiently appreciated.

WHETHER the St. George's, Westminster by-election of 1931 — Beaverbrook versus Baldwin, Duff Cooper intervening, Petter cited — will go down to history, who can tell ? But there again the hero of the hour seems to have gone unrewarded.

The son and heir of Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lumley was christened a fortnight ago, in the Private Chapel at Lambeth Palace ; the Duchess of York was a godmother, with Lady Serena James, and Lord Irwin and Captain J. H. F. McEwen, M.P., were godfathers. Mr. Lumley is M.P. for York

THE man who reaped the benefit of that rough-and-tumble was Sir Geoffrey Ellis, who, having been defeated at Wakefield in 1929, stepped into Mr. Duff Cooper's place as candidate at Winchester. Moreover, as though a safe seat wasn't sufficient compensation, granted Sir Geoffrey is a Yorkshireman and must feel far from home in Hampshire, he was made a Baronet.

EVENTS abroad continue to occupy a predominant place in the news of the day. In the Far East the Sino-Japanese conflict is as interminable and as complex as our struggle with Ireland. That, at any rate, will be settled now, one way or the other, by the election which took place yesterday.

SIR JOHN SIMON is back on the Geneva trail again. His detractors think that more might be accomplished out there if he were to have another attack of influenza. He is so persistent, they say, in his diplomatic slide-rule policy that the work of the League is brought to a standstill.

NEXT Session, which starts in a fortnight, is going to be full of troubles for M.P.s, not the least of which is the "Tote" Bill which, I believe, Colonel Moore-Brabazon is going to put up to the House for "feeler" purposes. Then there is still the road and rail controversy to be settled, possibly a new Unemployment Insurance Bill and, maybe, a Bill dealing with constitutional reform in India—the result of the Round-Table Conferences.

AND, by the way, now that the Round-Table Conferences are finished, it is hoped that Lord Sankey will turn his attention to legal affairs at home. The Magistrates System, in particular, wants looking into; lately there has been a good deal of adverse comment relating to it. The stolidity of the Lord Chancellor is not as impressive as it was. Couldn't Lord Hailsham do something about it ? His eclipse is a long time in passing.

MR. EDWARD CADOGAN has written a book, *The India We Saw*, in which he describes the experiences of the Simon Commission, of which he was a member. Mr. Cadogan has suffered all his life from, a surprising complaint for a politician—an inferiority complex. He is far too modest ; far too nice in himself to be anything else. But it is a pity for us. He has an acute brain, great charm, nothing to worry about, and a constituency (Finchley) which sends him to Parliament with a majority of twenty thousand or so. How lucky he is ! But, really, he should up and speak. He can say so much if he will.

THE rumour-mongers are never to be trusted, least of all when they meddle in politics, but if their story of the present century's "most brilliant young man" be true it does really mean the end of his career. "No one is ever finished in politics" is a cliché as old as the Welsh hills ; however much they have wished it, people have been frightened of saying that this particular ex-M.P. was down and out ; "His stock is low," they contented themselves with. But Parnell was not the first ; our friend may not be the last. And they all go, and they all will go, the same way.

Yoicks!

The Bicester and South Oxfordshire Hunt Ball

Right: a party at the Town Hall, Oxford, where the Ball took place; at the back, Mr. Ian Wilson, Mr. Denys Lowson, Miss Doris Josselyn, Miss Janet Jardine, Capt. Pilkington, Mr. Archie Black, Hon. Charles Dutton; in front, Miss Joan Grenfell, Miss Pamela Baker, and Miss Daphne Allen

Above: Mrs. Crump, Mr. C. P. Crump, M.F.H., Mrs. Brunskill, and Mr. W. H. F. Brunskill, M.F.H.; Mr. Crump and Mr. Brunskill are Joint Masters of the South Oxfordshire

Right: Sir William Morris, the motor magnate, who has made Oxford famous in the world of cars, with his partner, on the way to sit out

Below: Major Stapleton-Bretherton, who wears the South Oxfordshire coat, and Lord Valentia, who lives at Bletchington Park, and hunts with the Bicester

Above: a trio making programme engagements for the evening: Mr. Livingstone Learmonth, Miss Rosemary Glyn, and Mr. Crossley

Right: two of the "stairs" contingent between dances: Miss Hore Ruthven, and Mr. Arthur Millar, who is a South Oxfordshire regular

"Jonk" joins "The Bystander"

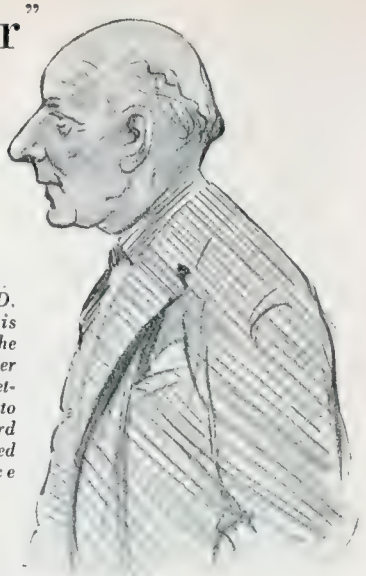
Stock Exchange Celebrities caught by a Stock Exchange Caricaturist

Sir Archibald H. Campbell (left) has been an unassuming and conscientious Chairman of the Committee for many years. He was knighted in 1931 for his services to the Stock Exchange

Sir Archibald H. Campbell

Colonel C. D. Burnell, as he is known outside the House, is a broker and a famous wet-bob. He used to row for Oxford and has umpired the Boat-race

Col. Charles Desborough Burnell



Mr. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower

"Shrimp" Leveson-Gower, who is a broker, is, as all the cricketing world knows, an ex-Captain of Surrey and a former member of the M.C.C. Test Selection Committee

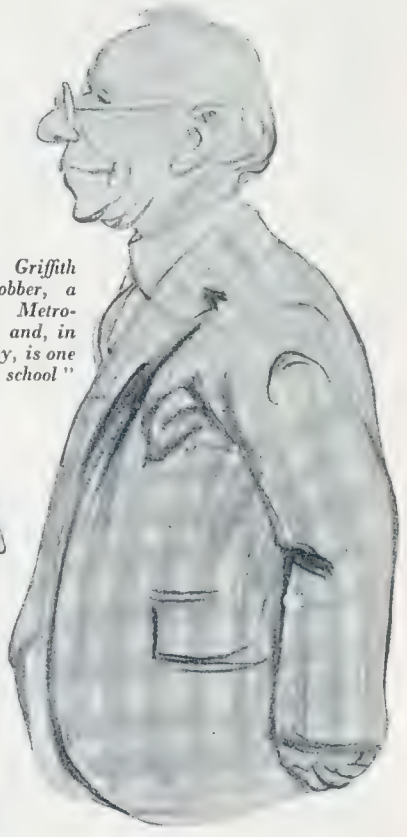
Mr. Owen Marshall

Mr. Owen Marshall is a jobber about whom anecdotes are legion. Mr. B. N. Gibbs, a broker, is one of the younger lights. No hat of his ever lasts more than a year, for it is regularly requisitioned as a football on Christmas Eve. Mr. Francis Moore, jobber, is a landscape artist of no mean repute, and he has been the Chairman of the Stock Exchange Art Committee since its inception

Mr. Bryan Northam Gibbs

Mr. Murray Griffith (right) is a jobber, a Director of the Metropolitan Railway, and, in dress and courtesy, is one of the "old school"

Mr. Francis Moore



Mr. Murray Griffith

"JONK'S" caricatures on this page are reproduced from his successful book, *As Others See Us* (The Garamond Press, 10/-). In next week's "Bystander" a new feature will be found, entitled "Bystanders in the House," where the chatter will be by "Jonk" and the caricatures by "Jonk."

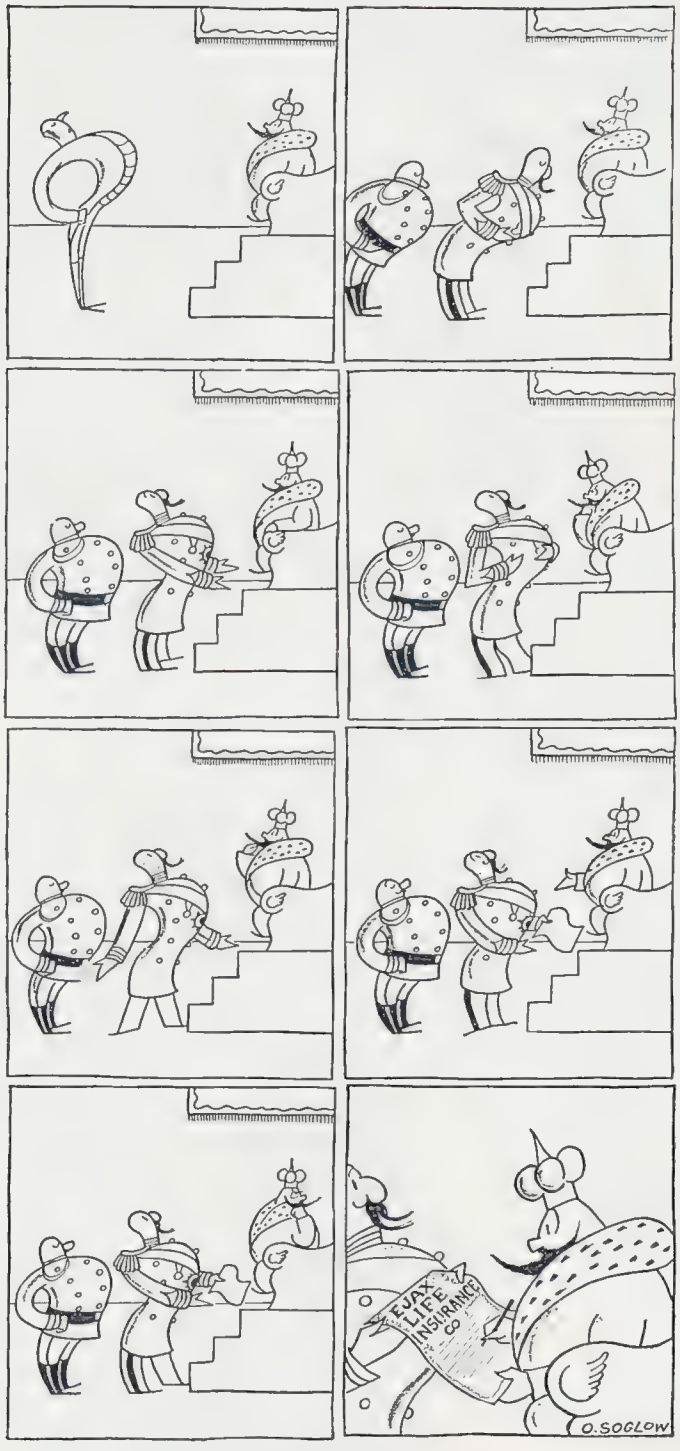
If Gossip We Must . . .

PERHAPS it was because the trees were bare and there were no flowers to look at when I walked through the Embankment Gardens the other day that the statues and memorials seemed more hideous and out of place than usual. I wonder who it was who first gave permission for this sylvan oasis to be plastered with memorials to people of precious little importance?

No exception can be taken to the one that keeps alive the memory of Arthur Sullivan, which is not only pleasant to look upon, but appositely placed opposite the Savoy, but I shall ever regret that a Zeppelin bomb which I saw fall did not destroy the statues of Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Robert Raikes instead of merely chipping the plinth on which the former stands. Quite apart from their ugliness, I don't think that our late teetotal friend, Sir Wilfrid, was of sufficient importance to be given a statue in so prominent a position, and I am quite certain that most small children will say ditto to that of Robert Raikes, whose claim to fame, I believe, is that he invented the Sunday school. If ever a Society for Beautifying London is formed, I commend to their notice such blots on the London landscape.

These Gardens should be preserved as an attraction for the living and not converted into a mausoleum for the dead.

PEOPLE who, some time ago, were prophesying that the theatre was



Here He Is!

Meet the King Nonsuch—or whatever you like to call him: we cannot find him in the Almanach de Gotha. The absurd creation of an American humorous artist whose work is well known over here, Soglow's merry and mythical monarch will walk his democratic and disarming way from time to time through the pages of "The Bystander"

Rosy Barsony, Oskar Dénes, and Gitta Alpar, the principals in the musical comedy called "Ball at the Savoy," a big success at the Grosses Schauspielhaus, Berlin, and which, in all probability, will be produced in London later. Oskar Dénes will be recognised as the comedian, Oskar Denes, who became so firm a London favourite when appearing in "Viktoria and Her Hussar"

ODES OF ENVY

No. 8.—The Cabinet Minister

MY heart beneath my pinny stirs
With envious regret
That I can't join those Ministers
Who're in the Cabinet.
The life they lead is beautiful
In its simplicity,
And what is more important still,
They nobble from the Nation's till
Great wads of £ s. d.

What joy to churn out platitudes
When opening bazaars,
And pose in proud top-hatitudes
Whilst henchmen shout huzzahs;
How jolly to be "victimised"
By Strube and Poy and Low—
To see my features (more or less)
Depicted in the Nation's Press
Would fairly make me glow!

At Question-time, they blatantly
All awkward points ignore:
To answer such is patently
Up to some junior.
But when a big full-dress debate
Is staged, you rise and bleat,
"The time has come, I really feel,
To put our shoulders to the wheel
Of progress. Churm-churm-tweet!"

ENVOI.

Yes, that's the sort of life for me,
But there's one fatal snag I see—
Though hard I've tried, I must confess
I CAN'T sell soul-sobs to the Press!

B. W.

being slowly done to death by the "talkies," must, I think, be feeling rather foolish, as not for a long time has business been better. It is of interest to note that one of the latest successes, *Dinner at Eight*, at the Palace Theatre, has, in its construction, taken a leaf out of the Hollywood book; but I hope that this will not tempt every dramatist to write on episodic lines in future. Still, this Palace show does prove that amusement-seekers prefer to see star actors and actresses in the flesh rather than moving photographs of them, and are prepared to pay double the price for doing so.

MENTION of Hollywood reminds me of a letter I have received from far-off "Cal," as our Yankee friends so wittily abbreviate California. My correspondent is Barry Jones, that delightful actor who came to London entirely unknown and, by his performance of the King, in *The Queen's Husband*, at once became a firm favourite. Since leaving London he has been doing a spot of travelling, having, to use his own word, "staggered" across Canada and reached San Francisco via Seattle. He also tells me that throughout the United States they are "eating up" *The Queen's Husband*, which only goes to prove how popular Royalty is in a Republican country!

Barry Jones, also in his letter, says he seeks new plays, but where are the young English playwrights? That is a question I fear I cannot answer, because I, also, am in the position of Little Bo-Peep, and don't know where to find 'em. Noel Coward and Ivor Novello alone cannot provide enough plays to fill all the London theatres, though the latter seems to try his damndest and does not appear content unless two of his are running at the same time; but since young McKenzie met with his tragic death, there seems to be no new star dramatist arising in the theatrical firmament.

TALKING of dramatists reminds me of a story I have heard about George S. Kaufman, who wrote *Dinner at Eight*, with Edna Ferber. The Paramount people cabled to him: "Will you take 40,000 dollars for the film rights?" To which Kaufman replied: "Will you take 30,000 dollars for Paramount?" But a better story about dramatists, to my mind, is one going the rounds just now in which, quite inaccurately, of course, Noel Coward and Bernard Shaw are supposed to figure. The former, just before the production of his Drury Lane success, wrote to Shaw, saying: "May I send you seats for my new play? I should like you to see it." To which the answer came, pat: "So sorry I shall not be able to see your play, but I 'm going away for three weeks." Six months elapse, as they say on programmes, when Coward wrote again: "I am enclosing you a box for four for *Cavalcade*, so that you and all your friends can see it."

AND now I am prepared to receive correspondence which points out that it wasn't Coward and Shaw who were concerned, but (1) Charles Brookfield and Tree; (2) Sheridan and George III.;

J. and J. Bisset

Amateurs at Play

Guttenberg

Sepha Treble, who plays the part of Pearl Moon, in A. P. Herbert's "Mother of Pearl," which C. B. Cochran will present at the Gaiety Theatre on January 27th

Included in the audience at the first night of at the Haymarket Theatre, was Mrs. Owen Nares, her two sons, seen above, who were interested in taking the principal part in this new comedy

The members of the Glen Tanar House party recently gave three performances of "Postal Orders," and "Leave it to Psmith," in aid of the Scottish Boy Scouts' Headquarters, and the picture on the left shows Lady Glentanar, Mr. A. R. Bromley-Davenport, Mrs. Rupert Sherbrooke, and Lord Glentanar in a scene from the latter play

Luxury afloat: the dining-saloon of the 18,866 tons Red Star Lapland, which starts on "The Bystander" cruise to Madeira, Las Palmas, Teneriffe, and the Azores on June 17th. Full particulars can be obtained from the Red Star Line, 38, Leadenhall Street, E.C., or any travel agency

over which Maître-d'hôtel Maurice acts as compère, and, dressed as a sailor, in addition to singing, does a dance which, if not quite so graceful as Mr. Martin's fingers, takes the palm from Mr. Martin's fingers, so to speak, for humour. Though the restaurant is so large, this Trocabaret possesses an intimate appeal and has more of the Continental atmosphere about it than any entertainment in London.

Walter Bird

Carol Goodner, the American actress, who is a most attractive and flirtatious wife in "Dinner at Eight," at the Palace Theatre

Sasha

"Double Harness," who brought with her watching their father by E. P. Montgomery

(3) Shakespeare and Marlowe; or (4) Aristophanes and one of his Birds—feathered species.

I HAVE often heard of nimble fingers, but until I saw George André Martin performing at the Trocadero in the Trocabaret, I never realised how nimble they could be. Mr. Martin clothes his arm in a sort of black glove, at the end of which is a ballet skirt, or some other female garment, through which his fingers appear and dance. And how they dance! Fox-trot, tango, classical dancing, etc., are all shown with consummate skill. This was but one turn in a very strong programme,

"For God's sake, stop hiccuping!"

The "President's Putter"

At the top: G. V. Critchley and H. M. Bray; and below, G. Illingworth and H. Wesley Smith, competitors in the "President's Putter" contest at Rye. Further pictures of this event will be found on page 176

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

A Provocative Plea for the Alteration of the Amateur Championship Conditions

Next week, Giles Gillies, Sir Ernest Holderness, Rex Hartley, Eric Martin Smith, T. A. Bourn and John Morrison will give their views on this important subject

I AM about to write what I am afraid will be described as a most revolutionary (in the Russian sense) article on golf. I am about to plead for the destruction and abandonment of two of the most cherished and beloved rules and regulations which govern the Amateur Championship of the country. I want, neatly decapitated and lying on a giant platter, the bodies of eighteen-hole golf matches, and of the principle which allows only match-play conditions for the Championship.

I can already hear my critics leaping outraged from their easy chairs, rushing to the bell which will summon the soothing drink, heaping curses on my blushing head. But I am neither abashed nor ashamed: a red handkerchief is firmly tied around my neck, and I stand fast for thirty-six holes of qualifying medal play and thereafter thirty-six-hole matches for those who have qualified. Sixteen to qualify. The winner to take the proud style and title of British Amateur Champion of the year.

THOSE who can still read through eyes bloodshot with fury may now, if they feel so inclined, discover my reasons for advocating in public these progressive ideas. That is, if they have the inclination; but opponents of these suggestions are very apt to refuse to listen, and shelter behind the well-known fallacy: "What was good enough for your father is good enough for you." That saying is, of course, monstrously unfair and untrue; was what was good enough for our grandfathers good enough for our fathers? "Not on your life, except, perhaps, in Fife," as one young gentleman with Unionist tendencies recently most unkindly (and rather unwarrantably) put it!

IN the first place, what is the Amateur Championship? Is it an open competition to decide who is the finest amateur golfer of the year? Is it the prime objective and ambition of every amateur golfer in the country (and of others as well as our own) to win the Amateur Championship?

Without doubt the answer to both those questions is in the affirmative. The very name—the use of the word "champion"—is sufficient answer in itself, and I have no patience with those who try to wriggle out of what they know to be coming (and which makes them go so grey about the temples in attempting to answer) by stating that the Amateur Championship is to decide the best match-play golfer of the year, or the best player over the conditions which govern most friendly matches. Mark you, I have said all these things myself; I am a convert to the system of qualifying a few from your hundreds who enter by the only possible fair method (thirty-six holes of stroke play), and therefore I am one of those who are not fanatical, but can actually sympathise with those who are against me in this argument. All the same, I am absolutely and utterly convinced that the competition for the Amateur Championship is intended to find the rightful Amateur Champion of the year—the finest amateur golfer of the year.

Very well; accepting this definition of the raison d'être of the Amateur Championship, have our present conditions governing play for the Championship proved successful or otherwise in this endeavour?

I AM afraid that from this moment I am compelled to be both personal and rude, but the answer is so obvious to all golfers who play regularly in first-class events! It really cannot be contended by even the most biased that either our present Amateur Champion, or the young man who preceded him on the throne, is worthy of the honour on golfing merits alone. Both are good sportsmen, and very likeable fellows, but they cannot be described, even by the wildest stretch of imagination, as good Amateur Champions. In fact, by the misfortune of their winning our Championship they have, in the light of their subsequent efforts in public, brought a good deal of unfavourable comment on the quality of British amateur golf. The eighteen-hole championship marathon, composed of a series of short sprints, which we tolerate, can, and does, produce the sort of champions with which we have been provided in the last two years, but it has not produced the genuine and deserving Amateur Champion in the sense in which that proud title should be understood: in the sense which I have previously tried to define.

Well, what of it? Do we sit down under the antiquated conditions, and watch America continue to farm the Walker Cup, or do we settle down to try to improve our standard of amateur golf, starting off by trying to improve the standard of our amateur champions?

BORROW a red handkerchief, and tie it round your neck too! You will be in good company: the principle of medal play qualifying and thirty-six-hole matches is approved of by such eminent golfers as Tony Torrance, Cyril Tolley, and not less than two ex-captains of the Royal and Ancient, although I am not sure that they go as far as I do and approve of only sixteen qualifying. I make it sixteen because it is the only way to finish the Championship in a week; and, secondly, I cannot think it consistent to limit any of the rounds to eighteen-hole matches.

I HAVE not the space this week to deal with all the sides to this vexed question as fully as I should like, but I will, perhaps, continue my crusade a little later on in the season, if sufficient interest has been provoked by these words. One or two points are, however, deserving of mention.

In the first place, many who will admit the necessity of some form of qualifying competition and, faute de mieux, accept the test by means of thirty-six holes of stroke play, dislike the substitution thereafter of thirty-six-hole matches for the accepted eighteen. But the fact remains that the better golfer is more likely to triumph in the longer match, because his inferior opponent is unlikely to "go mad" for much more than eighteen holes in succession, and then the man who should win the match (remember that we are looking for the best golfer to triumph!) will come into his own. How often has it occurred that under the present conditions a great golfer has been narrowly eliminated by the unexpected fireworks of a man who has rightfully gone out with a sickening thud in the very next round, because he was playing out of his class? Luck cannot be entirely eliminated, and should not be, but let us get that real champion if we can!

Furthermore, the truth of all this seems to have struck the original legislators when they most inconsistently decreed that the final match of the Championship should be one of thirty-six holes!

ONE last word to those who say that medal play has never featured in the Amateur Championship, and never will, except over their mutilated bodies: let me point out, as it was pointed out to me quite recently, that ever since national handicapping (that child of a fevered St. Andrew's brain: fevered because faced by the then growing power of the Unions, but allowed to retire into comparative obscurity when the temperature became normal once again) became a basis for qualification to play in the Amateur Championship, medal play *has* featured in the event. How do competitors get a National Handicap of four or less? By recommendation through their clubs or county unions. How are these recommendations granted? By reference to the player's club handicap, his performances in club and open events by *score* and match play. How does he get his club handicap? Initially, perhaps, by returning cards; after that, by revision, taking into consideration his performances not only in club matches, but also in *club medals*.

But, of course, it all boils down to my original question: Is our Amateur Championship a competition to find our best amateur golfer, or is it not?

I rather think it is.

1933
BY APPOINTMENT
MOTOR CAR TYRE
MANUFACTURERS
TO H.M. THE KING
BY APPOINTMENT
RUBBER TYRE
MAKERS TO H.R.H. THE
PRINCE OF WALES
DUNLOP
DUNLOP MAGNA
MADE IN ENGLAND

C.F.H.

Fred Daniels

Photographs by Peter North

The FACE and the FLOWER

No. 4.—Mrs. Ronald Balfour

To choose a flower to express the quality of Mrs. Ronald Balfour's loveliness is not so difficult. Her hair, her skin, her gracefulness are there in the gold and white of the arum lily, that most decorative of flowers. Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Balfour are two of the most well-liked of the young-marrieds, and their small daughter, Susan Mary, is undoubtedly going to follow in their footsteps as a very attractive member of the youngest generation

"Can I help you?" Lady Lilian Bedworthy (Lilian Braithwaite) advises Una Pidgeon (Eileen Peel), but her diagnosis is wrong. It is just a case of fallen ornament, not a fallen angel

For the first time in his life, Tom Larcomb (Fred Groves) looks down after his drive and finds his ball gone—but with disastrous results to a treasured statue!

At the Theatre

"Double Harness"

Sketches of "Fresh Fields" by Rouson

"OH, Sir, this is so sudden!" Thus might the blackmailed barrister have addressed the irate parent standing upon the threshold of his daughter's shame. But he didn't. Looking daggers at his own pyjamas, and the girl inside them, he promised to do the right thing. Did Sybil wish to marry him? Sybil, who had planned the whole affair—the first night out, the subsequent three weeks and the pyjamas—said "Yes." And that was that.

It seemed queer to me that, for so brilliant a barrister, John Rockingham was a bit slow in the uptake. He didn't explain away the pyjamas ("This heat wave, you know," or "Sybil fell into the river"); neither did he enquire what brought a father bursting into a young man's flat at that hour of night, and in these chaperoneless days, in search of his daughter. He just clenched his teeth, and promised to get busy with the banns.

And what about Sybil? She, father, and sister Valerie lived in a one-maid flat. Father was so hard up that he couldn't afford more than £500 for Valerie's wedding and trousseau. Five—hundred—pounds. Let us pass over that paltry sum and observe that Sybil was "getting on." She knew Rockingham's ways with women. But this pleasant hedonist had brains, and she wanted a husband. She went out to get him.

Quite charming women, I'm told, mark down their quarry, stalk it, and drag it to the altar. But does a really nice girl with homely, maternal instincts—Sybil kept accounts and "darned a neat sock"—go as far as blackmail? Does she bait the trap, in cold blood, with her honour, and embellish it with pyjamas?

If Edward Poor Montgomery, the author of *Double Harness*, doesn't worry about these trifles, why should I? Plays that keep you friendly and listening are hard enough to come by, without hard-boilers like me doing our egg-tapping with screwed-up noses, and saying "Curate's." *Double Harness* is what the motor-trade would call a pretty decent engineering job. It has the bolts of drawing-room drama in its innards, and the nuts of polite comedy. It is machine-made, but it works.

Why it works so fluently a child of ten could discover in the first quarter of an hour. Mary Ellis, with her wizard's trick of transposing a mere phrase into the lingering wood-notes of some deeper spiritual music, is Sybil, and this Sybil is the play.

I needn't tell you how she helps her victim to political fame in three years of loyal housekeeping, a wife (would you believe it?) only in name. How her silly, spendthrift sister blurts out the truth, and nearly drives John into the arms of the other woman. And how he comes back in the nick of time to take Lady Big Wig in to dinner and present Sybil with the passion-flowers of repentance. Nobly supported by Owen Nares in his suavest selfish-bachelor vein, it is Mary Ellis's night out. Consequently, as they say in the local paper, "a pleasant time was had by all." TRINCULO.

Below: the newly formed friends, Lottie Pidgeon (Minnie Rayner) and Lady Mary Crabbe (Ellis Jeffreys) decide to take a trip round the world

Lady Strawholme (Martita Hunt), who provides an unexpected finale

"Fresh Fields" at the Criterion

PERSONALITIES IN "PLASTICINE"

No. 12: Sir Henry Alfred Lytton, Kt. *Modelled and Designed by Zec*

"Mad A

Screen King is No

Left: George Raft, "the new Valentino," when he walked out on his girl friend in "Night After Night," walked right into the ranks of those who treat women rough on the screen, and find their fan-mail bigger than ever next day. Now he is in "If I Had a Million"

Rig P. to typ star exc He

Below: Ramon Novarro is a king of fan-mail kings, in spite of his last few pictures having given him no showing at all. He's still one of the most popular of all stars, and if his new films, "Son-Daughter" and "Man of the Nile," are up to standard, there'll be some new postmen needed in Hollywood

Ramon Novarro

Robert Montgomery

Left: Robert Montgomery is the sort of man who says terrible things to his girls and gets away with it. Cynical nonchalance, of a polished and sophisticated kind, is his gambit, and it's telling. "Blondie of the Follies" was his last film

Maurice Chevalier is a "one his smile, his impertinence, him in a category by hims Princesses or millionaires' dau them—and quite right, too. " and "Love Me To-night"

Right: Clark Gable is as goo anyone; the dashing airman the husky cave-man of "Red make his fans happier than t Interval"; they hardly recogni open air is the place where

And ditto the younger Doug athletic and active, and makes "Red Dawn," which has a Ru be on its way here soon; his and treble if he goes on

About the Boys . . ."

gs whose Fan-Mail Small Thing

ht: Ronald Colman and C. Wren gave "Beau Geste" he film world, and it was a ical part for this English , and that's the romantic, ting way his fans like him. made a good Raffles, too

and only"; his accent, his straw hat, all put elf. He always woos hters, and always wins One Hour With You" were his last pieces

d at "rough stuff" as f "Hell's Divers" or Just" are parts that he doctor of "Strange se him that way. The he's most attractive

glas Fairbanks; he's a good maiden-rescuer. ssian background, will fair fans will double the way he's begun

Ronald Colman

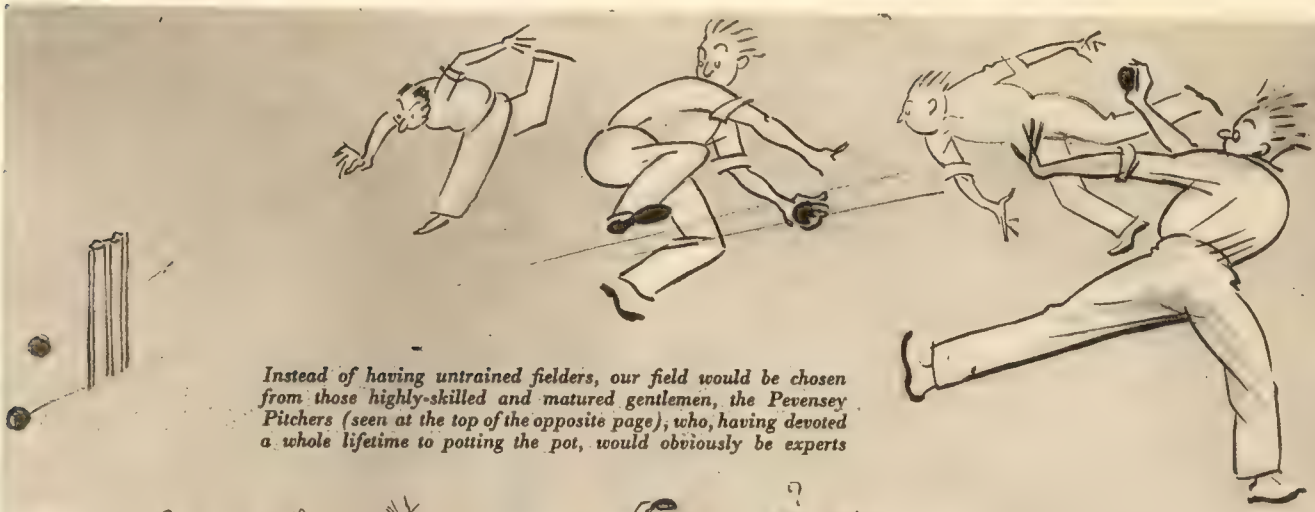
Right: Jack Buchanan takes his stage personality on the screen, and it's just as attractive there; he smiles, he sings, he dances, and he makes love lightheartedly

Fred Daniels

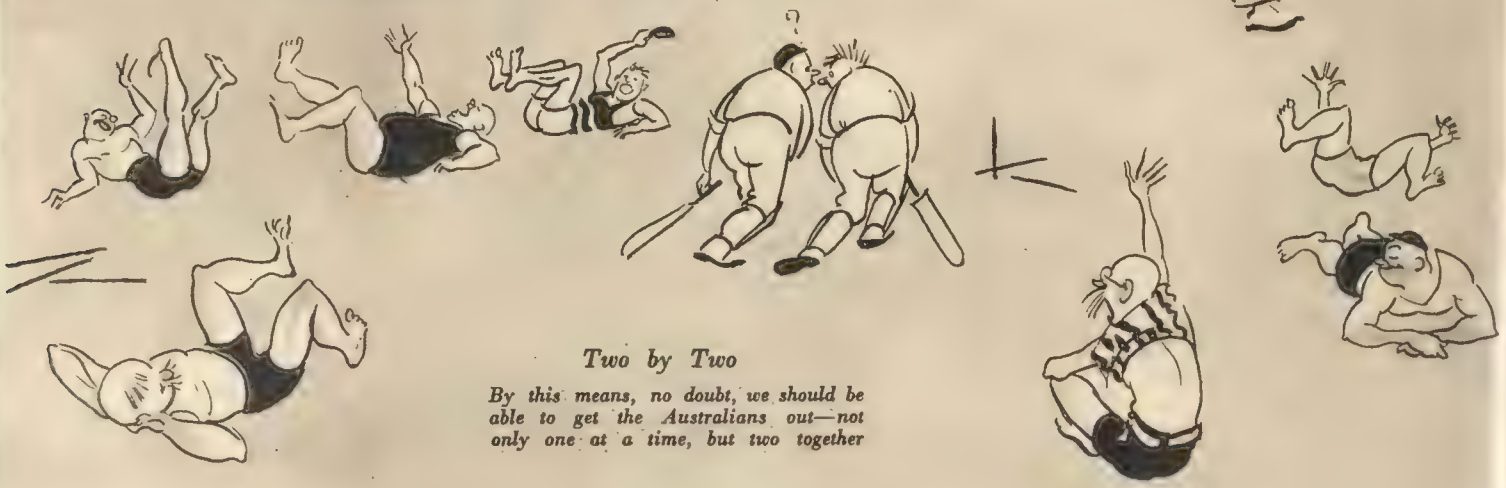
Clark Gable

Douglas Fairbanks jr.

Specially Selected: "The Bystander's" Test



Instead of having untrained fielders, our field would be chosen from those highly-skilled and matured gentlemen, the Pevensey Pitchers (seen at the top of the opposite page), who, having devoted a whole lifetime to potting the pot, would obviously be experts



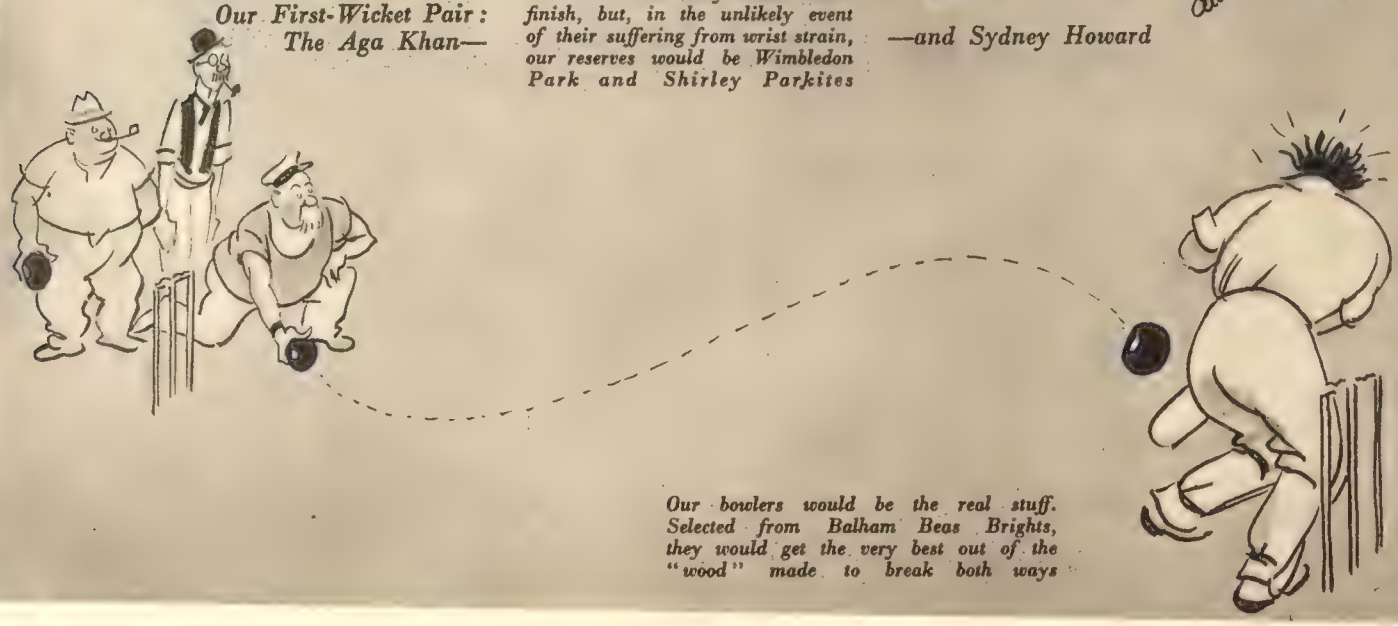
Two by Two

By this means, no doubt, we should be able to get the Australians out—not only one at a time, but two together

Our First-Wicket Pair: The Aga Khan—

. . . They would be replaced by batsmen who knock up their hundreds and thousands day after day. Our first-wicket pair would be the Aga Khan and Sydney Howard. We are certain they would never finish, but, in the unlikely event of their suffering from wrist strain, our reserves would be Wimbledon Park and Shirley Parkites

—and Sydney Howard



Our bowlers would be the real stuff. Selected from Balham Beas Brights, they would get the very best out of the "wood" made to break both ways

Team Takes the Field—According to H. H. Harris

Potting the Pot: The Pevensey Pitchers at Play

Our batsmen would never be placed in this kind of awkward predicament . . .

In Reserve

The choice of wicket-keeper is doubtful. Sir Harry Lauder would not only win the toss and keep it—for nothing would ever come out of his firm grasp once he got his hands on it. Of course, the heavy-weight would stop everything that came his way

The Choice of Wicket-keeper

Any Australian suffering from leg-theory service would be "counted out" by our choice of umpire, Kid Lewis. It would, in all probability, be a wrong decision, but then he's used to this by now

And here we have our own official scorers—men who know more than a little about figures

Right: the United Services v. Richmond, at Richmond, in progress, a match attended by the R.U. Selection Committee, and at whose request C. P. C. Vallance played for the home team, and B. C. Gadney for the United Services

Below: an incident in the match between Rosslyn Park and St. Bartholomew's Hospital, at Richmond, showing a Park player attempting to break through. The Hospital won by 14 points to 3

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

International Players and Probables

By the time you give these notes the once-over, we shall either be shaking our heads and saying that England really must discover more lively attacking players, or that the Welshmen deserved all that came to them for experimenting at Twickenham with a youngster like Wooller.

From all accounts, though, young Wooller is made of the right stuff, and even if we must postpone judgment until we have seen him in action, it is at least most welcome that there are signs of a new blossoming of Rugby football personalities.

For some years now the game has been dull and colourless. There have been plenty of good players, but no great ones: no Goulds or Gamlins or Stoops or Maclears to dominate the matches in which they take part. It is a strange thing, this personality; a friend of mine was describing to me recently a game he watched the other day in Wales, when, two minutes after the kick-off, a tall, rather leggy centre raced through the defence until, so my friend said, "I thought I was looking at Gwynn Nicholls again." This centre was Wooller, and from that moment play seemed to revolve round him continually. There are, I think, few other modern players capable of holding the stage so completely.

Still, as I say, signs and portents are about. For one thing, the Scottish selectors, aware that the time has come to build anew, have pinned their faith to youth in choosing their team against Wales. The result is that they are sending to Swansea an exceptionally inexperienced back division—Swansea, of all places!—and I am a little doubtful about their defence. But defence is not everything; far better is an insistence upon fast and courageous attack, and here Scotland should be well served.

I rather wonder whether it was judicious to pick K. L. Jackson, the Oxford freshman, for so rigorous a match, promising stand-off half though he is. I can think of several young outsides who were spoilt by being pushed on too soon, and at least one 'Varsity forward who had most of the football knocked out of him by the 1924 All Blacks. On the other hand, Jackson strikes me as a cool, steady sort of player who will look after himself even in face of the Welsh back-row forwards. It is quite on the cards that he and W. R. Logan will be Scotland's half-backs for a long time to come. Logan is a most useful scrum-half, rather of the B. C. Gadney type, and it will surprise me if the selectors do not persevere with him.

Then Scotland's three-quarter line has speed and thrust, and here again two youngsters, H. D. B. Lorraine and K. C. Fyfe, are given a chance to prove their mettle in the most exacting circumstances. Both have a good deal to learn yet, but the experience of H. Lind and Ian Smith, our old familiar enemy, should help to steady them. It will be interesting to see how Lind fares in the centre. He failed as a stand-off half because he was too much of an individualist, and generally ran across the ground without straightening the attack. He ran extremely well, however, and in the centre his dash and speed off the mark should be very valuable. Altogether, I like the look of this Scottish team, and on a dry day I fancy Wales may be unexpectedly hard pressed.

And now a few words about the English side, for a reader has sent me a pleasantly provocative letter in which he suggests an alternative England team. "Granted," he writes, "that a few of those selected for England would have been my first choice also—notably Brown, Gerrard, Booth, Black, Vallance and Webb—yet I think there are one or two improvements in the enclosed alternative side, such as Barrington and Harrison; and the remainder are so little inferior, man for man, that it would not surprise me to see this 'Rest' side come out on top in a trial." Well, here is his team: Treen; Harrison, Malir, Novis, Tanner; Barrington, Gadney; York, Valentine, Kendrew, Lewis, Roncoroni (who, incidentally, superseded the unfit Vallance on Saturday at Twickenham), Troop, Coley, Cridlan.

There is no denying that my correspondent has collected some formidable players; I think, indeed, that more than one of the men he names will find their way into the England team before the season is over. Kendrew, for instance, failed in the final trial, we now discover, simply because he had a badly scalded arm, and was in no condition to scrummage properly. I have an idea, moreover, that Troop may eventually replace Vaughan-Jones in the back row of the scrummage, for Troop is sufficiently intelligent to go down on the outside instead of in the middle, where he usually packs.

At present, however, the return of Kendrew and the inclusion of Troop appear to be the only likely alterations in the England team, though after the Welsh match I may have to change my tune!

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Cecil Beaton

AN ASTROLOGER OF THE SCREEN

Goulding Pulls the Strings

A camera study of Edmund Goulding, the famous director, who is as good at running stars in harness together as he is at producing a film, as "Grand Hotel" witnesses. The strings he is pulling are attached to Joan Crawford, Greta Garbo and Marion Davies, three of the many stars who owe some of their very best work to the direction of this Englishman

Not Yet A Fugitive!

Paul Muni as James Allen (left), in "I Am a Fugitive," a Warner Bros. film, which is based on a true story. He is sentenced to ten years in a chain-gang for stealing five dollars, plots to escape from the gang, and succeeds

After rising "to a position of civil and professional prominence," James Allen (Paul Muni) is betrayed by his wife and sent back to the chain-gang, from which he escapes again and becomes a man with ". . . no home . . . no country . . . no peace . . . a fugitive . . ." With him is Helen (Helen Vinson)

The Passing Picture Show

"Mass Production"

The All-Star Craze

By Sydney Tremayne

GRAND HOTEL blazed the trail and led the star rush of 1932. *Rome Express* was England's version of the filmic cocktail, in which a number of famous artistes are shaken up together to produce an intoxicant for the stupefaction of the fans.

The choice of such themes, in which a variety of characters are assembled on common ground for the purpose of evolving romance and drama from their apparently coincidental contacts, is symptomatic of our age, in which there are, in spite of Mr. Coward, so few private lives, so many impermanent relationships. The expedient was magnificently exploited in *Street Scene*, with a tenement lodging-house as the common denominator. In *Rome Express*, the way in which the different characters and their individual situations became involved, although melodramatic and coincidental, was convincingly handled. In Vicki Baum's novel, the Grand Hotel was the essential, significant background. There is something inherently dramatic and emotionally exciting in the juxtaposition of strangers and their multiple reactions. The film wholly missed this point, and the hotel devolved into a series of sets for the independent exploitation of stars.

But the epoch of conglomeration in films has set in. It was inevitable that other companies would follow up the initiation of mass star production with pictures introducing more and more stars, more and more authors, scenarists, and directors, just as they went from extremes to extremis in the making of super-films, more and more costly, with more and more "extras," beards, horses, beauty choruses, and so on. The dreadful density which measures quality by quantity is a leaden, molten, undamable stream.

PARAMOUNT have the men, they have the girls, and, by jingo, if they do decide to enter the new competition, they produce *If I Had a Million* to show just how far this business of multitudinousness can go—at least, one hopes that this film will be the last word in so clamorous an argument. *If I Had a Million* is a tour de force in discontinuity. Continuity was the earliest discovered criterion of good direction, the first essential unity of cinematographic art.

The idea of uniting a series of episodes by means of ten different people's reactions to the sudden acquisition of wealth is an excellent one. We have all speculated about what we would do in the circumstances, but the idea is mishandled, the units of the picture are too sketchy, too divorced from one another and, most of them, from life itself. If variety was the aim, the picture succeeds, but these ten episodes are not even very good "shorts," with three possible exceptions, none of them flawless.

The "dying" millionaire who, to spite the relatives and employees who have "great expectations," decides to dispose of his wealth by distributing cheques for a million dollars to ten people, selected at random from a directory, is grossly over-acted by Richard Bennett. He always over-acts, and is so noisy and robust upon his death-beds. Perhaps he is naturally prone to exaggeration: he rather overdid it when he fathered those Bennett girls.

Laughton's brief appearance as a clerk consists of leaving his desk, mounting some stairs—his every step speaks of some grim, secret purpose, and creates curiosity, almost suspense—going through a series of doors till he reaches the sanctum of the head of the firm by which he is employed, and giving that gentleman "the raspberry." No one in the world except Laughton could have made the intention and execution of that gesture of petty defiance and independence so expressive.

THE episode about a forger hunted by the police, and unable to negotiate the only genuine cheque he has ever handled, has the elements of a great short story. This is George Raft's "piece," and he does it admirably. The would-be comic relief afforded by Alison Skipworth and W. C. Felds as retired music-hall artistes with a motoring complex, is boresome slapstick. As a contrast, another of the brief sketches in which Wynne Gibson plays the part of the prostitute who gives herself a present of a good night's sleep, scores by its reticence.

AFTER this olla podrida, a one-man picture with dramatic continuity and psychological conscience is an immense solace. The man is Paul Muni; the film *I Am a Fugitive*, at the Regal. The picture was made from the autobiography of a man who is actually a fugitive from the chain-gangs. How American authorities ever allowed this indictment of the most brutal and barbarous system to be filmed, let alone exported, is a mystery.

However the actual criminality of the hero may be mitigated for the legitimate purpose of making the character more sympathetic, there are a hundred details of the life of these wretched men which are patently veracious and form a chain of circumstantial horror more terrible than the fetters of the victims of justice in a country claiming to be civilised.

Paul Muni's characterisation is magnificent. He is one of the most powerful and sincere of the younger screen actors. He conveys the sufferings, the bitterness, the courage, and the essential decency and ordinariness of the man without for one moment sentimentalising him.

The direction, by Mervyn Le Roy, is masterly. Time and space are bridged by old screen devices (calendars and maps), expertly adapted and modernised, and there is clever avoidance of repetition when Allen, betrayed by a blackmailing wife, is recaptured and cheated into going back to the chain gang by the promise, never kept, of a free pardon. The incredibility of a second escape is at least no greater than the fact that such barbarous inhumanity is permitted by American "justice."

The final fade-out is one of the finest pieces of pure cinema since Chaplin's grotesque and tragic little figure, with a final, pedal gesture of philosophic defiance, disappeared into the distance at the close of *The Circus*.

Books of the Week

Up the Rebels!—and Others : By "Ericus"

"REVOLUTION! Revolution!" they used to sing in one of those good old Ruritanian musical comedies at Daly's, the stage filled with flamboyant peasant girls and purple-breeched soldiery in unorthodox military attitudes. Leon Trotsky sings of it, too, in *The History of the Russian Revolution*, Volumes II. and III. (Gollancz; 18*s.* each), though, naturally, in a different strain. Personally, I prefer the musical-comedy version; but that is another matter.

These two volumes complete the task commenced in Volume I. of describing in detail, not only the rise to power of the Bolshevist party, but also the author's views on the technique of revolutionary organisation. And an expert on the subject he proves himself to be, remorseless, calculating, masterful, and with a profound knowledge of sociology and political philosophy. In addition, he is a born journalist, dynamic and plausible in argument, and with a rare descriptive talent. An unpleasant but able personality aptly reflected in the qualities of his book. Unhappily, my space is quite inadequate to deal with this monumental work, but I can tell you that, though it is of little value, historically, owing to the pronounced bias with which it is written, it should prove of immense interest to the student of social development, and a positive boon to the soap-box orator—that is, if he can read it.

Mrs. M. E. Mallowan, better known as Agatha Christie, the novelist and playwright, is accompanying the expedition, which is led by her husband, to try and discover a lost civilisation, over 6000 years old, in Northern Iraq

OF the many novels published this month the following form a representative selection.

The Irish novels of Mr. Liam O'Flaherty are always good and sometimes very good. *The Martyr* (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*) shows him at his best. It is a story of the Civil War of 1922 between the Free State Army and the Irregulars, a grim tale of plot and counter-plot, of sacrifice and sudden ambush, with the wild, superstitious, quixotic character of the Irish peasant forming a rubato accompaniment. I have always been rather flummoxed by the Irishman's intense and complicated political convictions, but Mr. O'Flaherty, with his rebel leader torn tragically between his religious and his political doubts, his flagrant soldier of fortune, his bloodthirsty but strangely heroic Communist, and their rabble of followers made me want to throw my hat in the air and cheer wildly for somebody—but, for whom I was not quite sure. Still, that appears to be the trouble with Irish politics!

THERE has been praise in high quarters for the novels of Miss Ursula Bloom. Frankly, I cannot see *Wonder Cruise* (Hutchinson; 7*s.* 6*d.*) meeting with either a Royal or a General Salute, though there may perhaps be a perfunctory slapping of butts. Miss Bloom tells of a Mediterranean pleasure trip, undertaken as the result of a sweepstake windfall by a young woman in danger of a permanent position on the shelf, and does it all as pleasantly as ever and with an appreciative eye for local colour. But the characterisation struck me as being banal to a degree. What are you to think of a hero and heroine who develop an acquaintance in dialogue of this description? SHE: "Would it help you to tell me? Sometimes it does help a little to tell a stranger." HE: "You aren't a stranger. You seem to me to be like a friend."

ONE rarely meets a first novel of such promise as *Acorned Hog*, by Shamus Frazer (Chapman and Hall; 7*s.* 6*d.*), a sprightly burlesque, reminiscent of Mr. Evelyn Waugh's *Black Mischief*. England is declared a republic, the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge are abolished, among other institutions of the privileged class, and the members thereof put to such suitable employment as is indicated by the results of a general competitive examination. Our hero, Philip Kinnell, finds himself a porter at an obscure provincial station, while his friend gets a job as—but, on second thoughts, perhaps I had better not mention that! However, a plot is afoot to place on the vacant throne an American film star, Charles Stewart, descended, by a deliciously vague process of reasoning, from Charles II. The plot, hatched and executed by Sebastian Borch, an ingenious journalist with a passion for alliteration, and his friends, including Philip, succeeds gloriously, and England is relieved of her republican yoke with rejoicings on a positively Elizabethan scale. That is the gist of the story, and a delightfully amusing story it is. In the last third of the book, after the accession of King Charles III., Mr. Frazer spreads himself joyously on the subject of a Utopia of pigs and poultry and pastoral prosperity, not forgetting the parties and plenty of them. But there—see what Mr. Borch has done to me!

MR. LEWIS GIBBS is an adept at the multum-in-parvo type of novel. *On the Hill* (Dent; 7*s.* 6*d.*), follows his usual form, being an ingeniously compressed story of a day in the little lives of little people in a little suburban town, and ending on a fine tragic note that suddenly lifts the book to a really high plane of achievement. There is something fondly paternal in the way Mr. Gibbs shepherds his characters through the vicissitudes of the day, and this affectionate sympathy quickly extends to the reader. A delicate study and one you should enjoy.

I HOPE you will not think me horribly prejudiced when I admit that the average middle-class American romance of wine, women, and dancing to the wireless leaves me not merely cold, but shivering. Orchard Forrester, the heroine of Eleanor Morse's new novel, *The Doll* (Hutchinson; 7*s.* 6*d.*), has so sensitive a soul—poor dear!—that she is disillusioned within five hours of her wedding, although these hours appear to have been spent harmlessly enough in travelling from the reception to a country hotel. Her husband is too brutally, and his best friend, on whom she retires in good order, too promiscuously, masculine for her taste, so she is lucky in finding Stephen Temple, who was, anyway, an odds-on chance from the very first page. He gave her the doll, you see, as a wedding present.

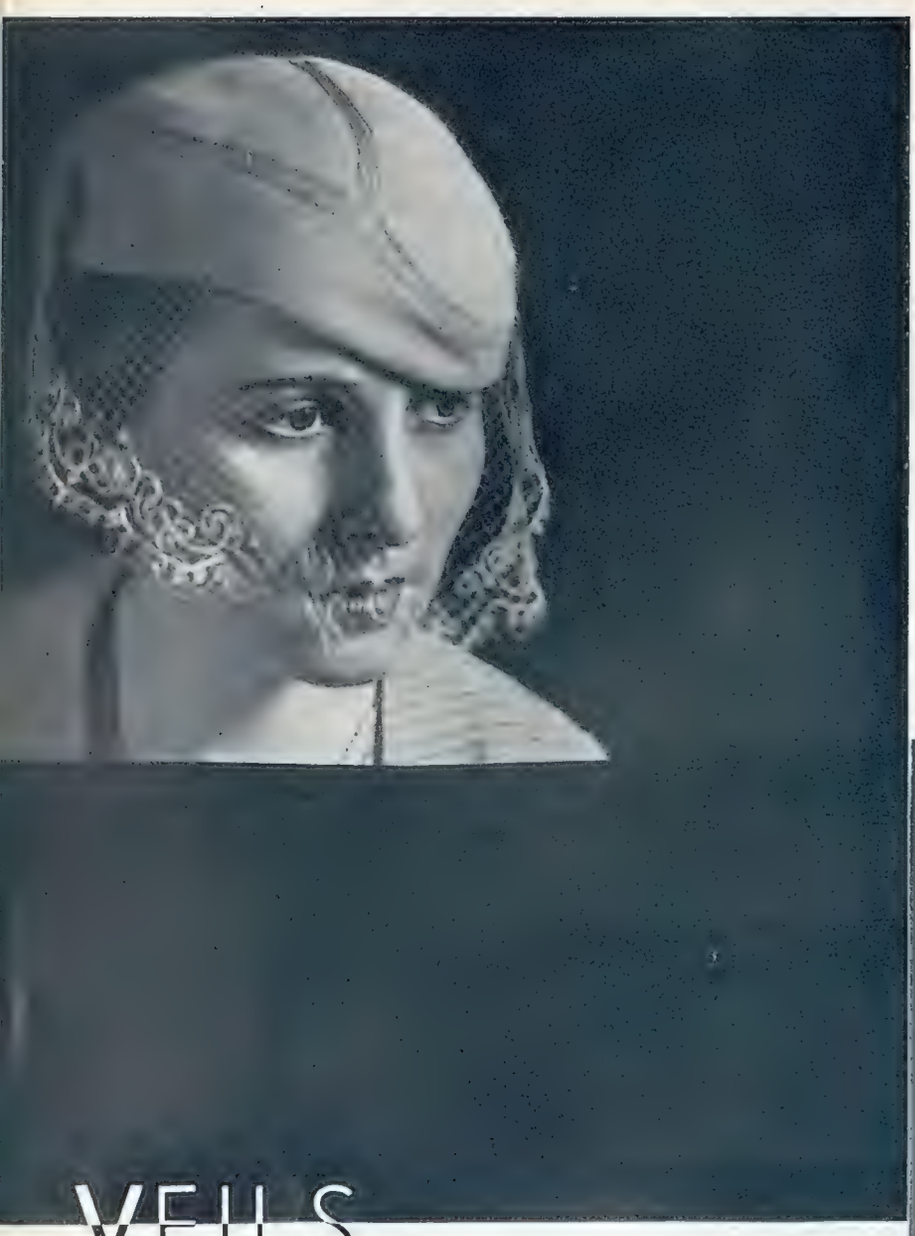
THE opening of *The Prodigal Father*, by Richard Church (Dent; 7*s.* 6*d.*), with the double-bass player mopping his brow after a hectic orchestra rehearsal at Covent Garden, promised an originality of conception that the subsequent narative unhappily fails to fulfil. Which is heavy going, but means that I was disappointed, Yet the book has its moments and is, in parts, extremely well written. But this tale of an improvident musician and his reactions to his ailing wife, his pragmatical son and his perplexing inamorata, meanders on unconvincingly after an excellent start, and ends just nowhere.

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" By Madge Garland

Elizabeth Ivimey

A PORTRAIT of Lady Queensberry, one of our foremost portrait painters, taken against one of her own paintings in the studio of her house in Chelsea. She is the daughter of Harrington Mann and married the present Lord Queensberry in 1926



VEILS

and Flowers Trim our Spring Hats

Helen Macgregor

A MARCELLE LELY model from Debenhams is shown above carried out in a beige Rodier material which has a soft and furry surface. It is trimmed with rows of stitching and a lace-edged veil. It costs 69/6 and may be had in other colours

ON the right is an enchanting version of the new shallow tricorne. It is a Mado model, carried out in black satin, and is perched well on the top of the head. At the back it is trimmed with a single white gardenia

Scaioni

Scaioni

A SUPERB gown in the mediaeval manner is carried out in white satin, with long sleeves of black velvet. The fitted bodice has a deep boat-shaped collar and the full skirt trails on the ground. Model by Mirande

Spring Suits to Tempt

A VERY smart navy-blue coat and skirt is made in a woollen material with a diagonal stripe. The scarf, which is threaded through one side of the coat, is of check flannel. A Dorville model from Marshall and Snelgrove

A NATURAL colour costume in a novelty material with a fish-bone design has an attractive blouse made of a dull pink cashmere jersey. This has short sleeves and a scarf of the same material. A Matita model

ANOTHER excellent Matita model for spring wear is a nigger homespun coat and skirt with a grey silk scarf patterned in red and brown. Note the raglan shoulders, loose sleeves and buttons which resemble lipsticks

RAGLAN sleeves and an interesting use of the scarf characterise this suit of beige and brown striped novelty tweed. The wide scarf is held down on one side with three square brown wooden buttons. A Matita model

A Maiden's Fancy . . .

A SMART costume in red wool (below on the left) has an unusual shoulder line and a scarf composed of red, brown and beige woollen strips plaited together. From the knitwear department at Debenhams

BEIGE jersey woven in a herringbone design makes this three-piece costume, which has a plaited design around the hem and jacket, and a blouse of openwork wool with a brown and red plaited tie. Debenhams

A CHECKERED woollen coat in navy, yellow, blue and red is allied to a navy skirt and sleeves, and forms a distinctive costume. This comes from the knitwear department of Debenhams, and is moderately priced

RUST brown and beige combine to make the smart coat and skirt worn by the lady on the right. The high cuffs are of beige and the scarf is edged by beige stripes. It may also be obtained in other colours. Debenhams

sigrid

Left: F. S. G. Calthorpe and A. J. Peech going to the 4th tee. Peech beat R. H. Wethered in the final by one hole

Below: H. C. Longhurst and Rex Hartley caught by the camera at the 1st tee

Top left: Lionel Cohen and E. F. Storey find some interest in a ball

The "President's Putter"

Oxford and Cambridge G.S. Coming thro' the Rye

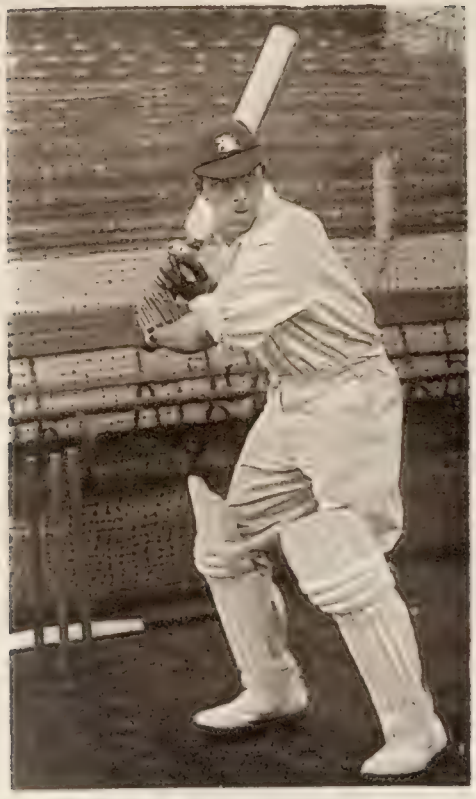
Above: R. H. Wethered, the runner-up and first favourite, driving from the 1st tee

Right: Major Guy Bennett going to the 14th tee

Above: D. E. Landale and Captain O. Lyttleton, who accepted defeat with cheerful resignation

Ian Peebles on Cricket

Echoes from Adelaide



R. E. S. Wyatt, who helped to stop the rot in England's first innings at Adelaide in the Test Match by scoring 78, while in the second he made 49

THERE may have been many more exciting Test Matches than the last one at Adelaide, but never before can any cricket match have created such an unnecessary stir. Surely the whole thing has been rather exaggerated and swollen out of all proportion. It is even suggested that relations between England and Australia have been sorely tried by our perfidious and knavish methods of attack.

OF course, the first prize is won in a canter by the Judge who described leg-theory bowling as a criminal offence. Maybe he had more sense of humour than he is generally given credit for, but certainly the case of Rex v. Jardine, Larwood and others, is full of possibilities. In fact, it only seems just and reasonable that a public subscription should be started (say, by one of our leading national journals, such as THE BYSTANDER) to dispatch Mr. Norman Birkett, K.C., post-haste to Australia.

TURNING to the less important part of this match—the actual play—we find several features of unusual interest. Paynter, playing in his first Test Match against Australia, covered himself with glory by scoring 77 at a most crucial time. It is a great pity he was prevented from batting again in his proper place, as a successful second innings would just about have established him. At present, the most one can say is that he has made a very promising start.

VERITY proved to be a rock when faced with a crisis, but I have no doubt he would gladly have exchanged all his runs for an extra wicket or two. However, he did capture a very important one. By the way, it is sincerely to be hoped that Bradman's remark that he got out to Verity rather than be hit out by Larwood is a gross misinterpretation. It would be a deplorable state of affairs if a batsman of his class packed up rather than face a fast bowler.

TO my mind the greatest success of the tour, comparatively, is G. O. Allen. It is easy to be wise after the event, and we journalists must assert ourselves, so I have no hesitation in saying that I was a strong supporter of his claims when there was much controversy as to the wisdom of taking him at all. It was urged that he had not played enough to show his real form, and that his figures were not good enough to justify his inclusion. Well, the answer to that was (*a*) that, not having been overworked, he was fresh and keen for the tour; and (*b*) his figures were good enough, considering that most of the matches he played in were against much more than averagely strong batting sides. These arguments have been borne out by his performances in Australia.

THE most unexpected thing is that he is reported to be the best fielder on the side, which is indeed good news. In this country his most affectionate and girlish admirer would hesitate to describe him as anything more than efficient in this department. He must be bowling as well as he has ever done, and the number of clean-bowleds, played-ons and catches behind the stumps he causes seem to indicate that he is making the ball move about a bit off the pitch. He certainly does so in this country—chiefly pulling it back abruptly from the off, but every now and then making one go the other way. Given the right set of conditions, he is as destructive as any other fast bowler in the country, bar Larwood. His batting has not been up to its usual standard, but, so far, it has hardly been necessary for him to make runs—except in the second Test, where it was extremely difficult. It may be remembered that some time ago Allen was subjected to some very unfair criticism by a certain section of the Press. It must, therefore, give him added satisfaction to baffle the more offensive of the Pundits.

IT is most encouraging to see Ames at last getting under way. Run-making is largely a habit, and if one is as good a batsman as Leslie Ames, it is as easy to acquire as smoking or drinking, or any other universal custom. It is a good thing that Jardine persevered with him in spite of his early failures.

Paynter, the left-handed Lancashire batsman, who justified his inclusion in England's Test team by making 77 in the first innings at Adelaide

MUCH the same is true of Jardine, but his case is curious, because he started the tour very well. He is a player who requires a great deal of practice and I am inclined to blame the preponderance of up-country and minor cricket between the Tests for his loss of form. On top of this, the cares of a Captain in a Test Match series where so much bitterness has been shown must make the trials of Job look comparatively friendly. However, now that he is started it is almost certain that he will also continue to score for the rest of the matches, which, incidentally, we ought to win.

ADELAIDE was reckoned to be our chief danger, because the wicket was supposed to favour slow bowlers. However, the fast bowlers took most of the wickets for a lesser cost than the slow bowlers, so our fears seem to have been groundless. If the next two Test Match wickets really are more suitable to fast bowlers, I think our winning the rubber is more or less assured. Still, one never knows—I hear there is some talk of producing Mr. Gilbert, the well-known boomerangist, or boomerangee, by way of a counterblast, but, according to other rumours, he has lost his form. His presence in the side might give the game an even more thrillingly primitive flavour, but I doubt if it would influence the result to any great extent.

Should Civil Aviation Fly by Itself? By Capt. C. E. Ward

Lord Londonderry, the Secretary of State for Air, leaving the Customs House at Brindisi with Colonel Ilari, Commandant of the Airport. He was on his way to inspect the R.A.F. Commands in the Middle East, travelling by Imperial Airways' mail service as far as Alexandria

A Question in the Air

THE great debate on Civil Aviation, with special reference to points of difference from Military Aviation, duly took place under the auspices of the Royal Aeronautical Society on Monday, January 16th. The discussion revealed a desire for alterations to the present system of control of the civil side of flying, more especially the private and non-commercial section, but no actual constructive scheme was put forward to replace the existing order. Time being limited, relatively few people had an opportunity to speak, and a good deal of attention was paid to Disarmament and to the merits or otherwise of the subsidy system, about which we have little fault to find, as it has worked reasonably well both in the case of Imperial Airways and the clubs. It was during the discussion following Major Travers's provocative lecture on training for the civil pilot last season that Captain F. E. Guest suggested the need for such a debate, but I believe he had in mind that it should be within much closer limits than the title specified.

International Control

IN the early days of flying, there was no difference between civil and military aviation, for the very simple reason that the latter did not exist. Flying was developed as an art and the construction of aircraft as a science without any thought of control except that which existed already in every country for its own government and for regulating its dealings with other countries. It was not until the war had ended that regulations for international air traffic were drafted and, unfortunately, these were put on paper by lawyers, instructed by the military authorities, before experience had been gained as to what civil aviation would require. The latter was looked on quite definitely as an appendage of military flying, and we have suffered from this mistake ever since. The position might have been improved in our own country if the newly-appointed Director-General of Civil Aviation had been given a seat on the Air Council, but it was considered that the non-military side of flying, merely a potential reserve for the R.A.F., could be taken care of adequately by the political Under-Secretary for Air of the moment, backed up by information from the new department. Of course, everyone recognises that the flying machine as a vehicle and the air as a medium for transport needs some form of control internationally, but the commercial development of aviation should have been allowed as much freedom as possible.

A Business Proposition

REVERTING to constructive criticism, two speakers pointed out that the Department of Civil Aviation had already shown its willingness to back schemes for the transfer of control from the Government to business interests, where it could be shown that advantages existed by such a change. The renewal of Certificates of Airworthiness and the scheme for Instructors' Licences are two cases in point where the Industry now has a free hand. The fundamental grievance at the moment concerns official policy regarding the design and performance of machines destined for private operation, and it is contended that manufacturers should have a completely free hand for this type, selling machines with or without an Air Ministry C. of A. as they wished. Some form of compulsory insurance would have to be introduced as a protection for the public, but there seems no real difficulty in this respect, provided that the transfer of control is undertaken gradually.

A Loss to British Aviation

IN the personal sense, this year has made a sad start, for Miss Winifred Spooner, who has died of influenza, and Squadron-Leader Hinkler, who is missing, were two of our best-known and most efficient professional pilots. Miss Spooner had been for some time the only woman in England to earn her living as pilot to a private owner, Mr. Lindsay Everard, the Leicestershire M.P., and that she obtained and held this post by sheer merit is amply proved by her successful record in the air during many hundreds of hours' flying. A few months ago, she piloted Mr. Everard in his Puss Moth through Europe to Palestine, Egypt, and back, a journey of some 8000 miles. Her loss will be felt throughout aviation circles on the Continent as well as at home, for she was deservedly popular wherever she went, and was especially well known as a brilliant competition pilot in Germany and Italy.

En route to India. Captain A. F. Muir, a well-known figure at Croydon, with Man Mohan Singh, agent to the Maharajah of Patiala and an engineer, who are flying to the Punjab with the Monospar seen in the background. The machine was sold to the Maharajah by the Brian Lewis agency, which disposed of six new machines in the first fortnight of this year

One of the Light 'Plane Pioneers

OF Bert Hinkler there is still no news at the time I write these notes. He was the pioneer of long-distance solo flights, and proved the practicability of the light aeroplane before it became a production type that anyone could buy. Many people will remember his journeys from London to Turin and to Riga in the single-seater Avro "Baby," which had a 35-horse-power engine. He set the pace for the Australian record early in 1928, covering the distance of 10,000 odd miles on an Avro "Avian" in 15½ days, and last year made the first solo crossing of the South Atlantic from Brazil to West Africa on a Canadian-built Puss Moth.

Changes in Air Line Timing

FROM March 1st, the Imperial Airways' services to and from Paris will be increased by one at 5 o'clock in each direction, this being replaced in turn by two additional liners from April 9th until the autumn, one leaving Croydon and Le Bourget at 3.30 and another in the evening at 6.45. The Brussels service will run three times a day from May 1.

CARS with a Personality: By The Earl of Cardigan

The 25-h.p. Rolls-Royce

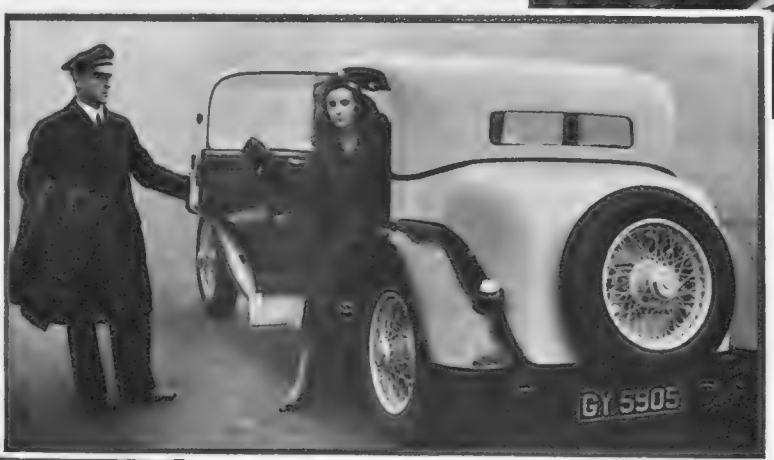
I OFTEN think that Mr. Bateman or, perhaps, Mr. Heath Robinson, ought to be commissioned to give us a picture of "the man who thinks out the improvements for the Rolls-Royce cars." One may imagine a rather harried-looking individual, surrounded by charts and diagrams, and with possibly a few straws sticking in his hair!

I do not know whether such a person actually exists; but I do know that, however excellent a Rolls-Royce car may be, there is always a slightly better edition of it in the making. Thus, each year, the Rolls-Royce company is enabled to turn out a car which, without incorporating any radical alterations of design, is definitely a shade smoother, or faster, or more flexible than the car which the experts were hailing as the "last word" in luxury twelve months before.

In the case of this year's 25-h.p. Rolls-Royce, the improvement is perhaps rather more definite than usual. The speed of this car has been substantially increased, although, needless to say, no iota of flexibility has been sacrificed. The maximum is now in the neighbourhood of 75 m.p.h., and a good 55 m.p.h. is available in the agreeably high third gear.

The 25-h.p. model is a genuine Rolls-Royce, both in behaviour and looks. This saloon body has particularly graceful lines

The engine, while extremely smooth and silent, is a thoroughly lively and efficient unit, capable of a very satisfactory turn of speed



MY road test, unfortunately, was to some extent hampered by bad weather. The fog was very thick and high speeds were definitely unsafe. I was able, however, to reach 60 m.p.h. on several occasions, and found that the Rolls seemed to treat this as no more than a comfortable cruising pace. The engine remained exceptionally silent; so much so, that I was able to hear—dare I say it?—a very slight transmission hum, which, in many cars, would no doubt have been drowned by other noises.

The degree of flexibility, as in all Rolls-Royce cars, was amazing. From a walking pace (I use this phrase in its strictly literal sense) in top gear, the car would accelerate without check or hesitation right up to a full-throttle speed. The rate of acceleration, although most deceptive by reason of its smoothness, proved to be extremely rapid.

The Rolls-Royce gear-box is a thoroughly practical affair, particularly since it now includes synchro-mesh gearing between "third" and "top." This is an admirable innovation which, in view of the inaudibility of the engine—formerly a source of embarrassment in attempting a clean gear-change—will undoubtedly be appreciated by the average owner-driver.

All four doors are of comfortable width. An interesting feature of this Hooper body is the incorporation of part of the arm-rests for the back seat into the rear doors

The driving position is comfortable, with all the controls well placed. An asset to the driver is the new synchro-mesh gear-box

A useful feature is the provision of a large luggage boot. An unusually large opening is contrived by the back-seat cushion folding down flat

THE braking system is an interesting and remarkably efficient one. It is quite exceptionally light in operation, although perfectly smooth and progressive. The steering is good, and the car holds the road in a satisfactory manner. As for the springing, I need only say that I was able to cruise at 60 m.p.h. down the rapidly-disintegrating Colnbrook by-pass without suffering the slightest discomfort. In short, here is a genuine Rolls-Royce, cheaper to buy and to run than the famous 40-50-h.p. model, but not inferior to it in quality, refinement, or efficiency.

Clever with the Hands . . .

Brainy People with Ideas in Their Finger-Tips

Carroll Gibbons

The Savoy Dance Band is famous the world over, and above is Carroll Gibbons, the leader, who is seen seated at the piano

Peter P. Fechner, who carved a bust in wood of Greta Garbo which was so popular that, as will be seen on the right, he is duplicating it by means of mass-production methods

Above: Mr. George André Martin, who is making his first appearance in England at the Trocadero Restaurant, where, clothing his fingers in trunks and ballet skirts, he reproduces with amazing accuracy and grace the ballet, fox-trot, tango, and tap steps

Left: "The Bystander's" Mr. "Zec" being filmed at work on one of his personalities in "Plasticine" in his studio. The head he is modelling is that of the Chancellor of the Exchequer

Filming our Mr. "Zec" for the "Ideal Sound Cinimagazine"

Oxford meet Cambridge at golf at Prince's on March 28 and 29, and on the right are eight Oxford "possibles," who met eight chosen Blues in a 36-hole match at Southfield for the honour of filling the two vacant places. The players are: Back—R. F. Brown, C. R. Steven, R. D. Knox, P. A. Booth, J. S. C. Haslewood, V. ff. Smith, and A. E. W. Henderson; Seated—P. W. Morse, J. J. F. Pennink, K. A. S. Morrice, C. Middleton, E. H. Moss (Captain), E. L. Dunnett, G. H. Micklem, A. G. N. Robinson, and H. B. Dugmore

Below: Forbra, winner of last year's Grand National, who runs again this year, seen with Miss Rimell, the daughter of his trainer

A Grand National Winner

Sport with the Lid Off

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

I CAN'T keep pace with the rumours, incidents, sensations, crises, riots, and what-nots which descend upon us daily by cable from Australia. By the time you read these notes, the M.C.C. will possibly have replied to the Australian protest against leg-theory bowling; in the meanwhile, everyone I meet over here is heartily sick of the whole miserable business. The difficulty is to know what to do about it all.

I suppose the obvious thing would be to chuck these M.C.C. tours altogether, and there are any number of people, myself among them, who would be delighted to know that there were to be no more Test Matches. Still, drastic action of this kind is not simple; the complications, political and financial, have to be considered.

POLITICALLY, a break between the M.C.C. and the Australian Board of Control would be serious; financially, it would affect the game in both countries, and on the whole there is a good deal to be said for continuing the mimic warfare which now passes for cricket when Australia meet England. There is, in fact, so much to be said for it that a break is unlikely, despite the alleged threat from Australia that the remaining matches of this present tour will be cancelled unless the body-line attack is discontinued.

Body-line attack—a powerful phrase, and one not entirely without justification. Many eminent cricketers, George Gunn and Lord Tennyson among them, have accused the Australians of squealing unnecessarily, but there are others who have not been so ready to champion Larwood's tactics. Sir Stanley Jackson, for instance, has said that this leg-theory stuff will have to be abolished, and Percy Chapman remarked to me the other day that he sympathised with anyone who had to stand up to Larwood when he was bowling at the body.

IT is all very well to quote Gregory and Macdonald and Jones and the other speed-merchants as examples of men who tried now and again to scare a batsman out by bumping the ball at him, but there is a distinction to be noted. As Chapman pointed out, Gregory and the rest of them were bowling to four slips, whereas Larwood is bowling to four short-legs, and in that difference we come to the root of the matter. There is nothing new in leg-theory bowling; the left-hander swinging in to the leg stump is an old friend, and beyond complaining that his mode of attack cramps stroke play, we have nothing against him. Larwood, however, is a right-hander bowling exceptionally fast on the leg side, regardless of the leg stump, and intent on disposing of the batsman by forcing him to make purely negative defensive strokes. There is no doubt in my own mind that this is a dangerous form of attack, and that some Australian batsman will be seriously injured before the tour is over if Larwood persists in bowling this stuff.

EVEN so, this is the least worrying aspect of the case: after all, cricket is not a drawing-room game, and an element of danger has its value. What does disturb me is that so good a fast bowler as Larwood has to resort to such tactics to take wickets. There is far too much leg-theory practised to-day, and there is no denying the unpleasant fact that it is stripping the art of batsmanship of many of its glories. To go a stage further, it means that the modern first-class wicket is over-prepared and lifeless, for if groundsmen could be instructed to leave as much natural liveliness in the pitch as possible, Larwood would be getting his men caught in the slips, and we should see the off-drive and the forcing strokes on the off-side which are nowadays so lamentably rare.

BUT there—it may be that the powers and principalities at Lord's are preparing an edict which will settle the matter in perpetuity. In the meanwhile, let us shed a few crocodile tears for Mr. Herbert Chapman and the Arsenal boys who went down to such ignominious defeat at Walsall. As a matter of fact, I don't really sympathise with Mr. Chapman very much, for it was largely his own fault that the so totally unexpected happened. He rated Walsall too lightly, and omitted, among others, the

(*Continued on page* 184)

Watson, of West Ham, shaking hands with K. E. Hegan, Captain of the Corinthians, previous to their match in the English Cup, played on the latter's ground at the Crystal Palace, won by West Ham by 2 goals to nil. Mr. A. J. Jewell, referee, smiles in the background

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

The Uses of Style: "Steel Shaft" writes to Miss Sylvia Bailey and Mrs. Herbert Guedalla

DEAR BYSTANDER—

"STEEL SHAFT" has thoroughly set me thinking over the subject of style. Not my own. That is moulded past repair now, and the "ciné" of a friend, more candid than ever "Steel Shaft" could be, has shown me the truth.

But I was considering what those "Open Letters" said to Mrs. Clarke about style, and what they had to say over the defeat from U.S.A., and then, in the middle of my reflections, there arrived "Steel Shaft's" letter for this week to the two bronze medallists in the English Championship, 1932. Style again! So it really seems necessary to set my own ideas on the subject into some sort of order.

Now it has always seemed to me that style means to a player very much what we were told in the war discipline meant to a regiment. In a crisis, when everything goes wrong, and you are so tired that you hardly know how to swing a club at all, the player who has a perfect style will automatically go on doing the right thing, whereas a bad stylist, who has to trust to the inspiration of the moment, will crack. Now there are a great many moments of severe crisis in the career of a first-class golfer, particularly in these days of International matches, and nobody wins a championship (so I have been assured time and again) without feeling very, very tired, both physically and mentally, before the last putt is holed. Therefore, perfection of style is greatly to be desired. Some of our best golfers in the past won their championships in spite of their style, not because of it. I wonder if you would think me becoming as severe as "Steel Shaft" is if I breathed the notion that neither Mrs. Dobell nor Miss Cecil Leitch had the perfection of style? Magnificent golfers, yes, both of them. But I fancy that both of them would have told you that nobody had better copy some of their peculiarities of hitting the ball.

STYLE cannot do everything. One sees more beautiful swings in a Scottish Championship than in any English, but that does not necessarily mean that Scotland wins all the International matches or that the standard of golf is always better in Scotland than in England, because there are so many other factors mixed up in the business, such as amount of competition play available, and temperament. Again, nobody can watch an American team without being struck by the excellence of their swings. The similarity and regularity of the swings throughout the American team which beat us at Wentworth was indeed amazing. It is one of the things which make the British Press get the wind up the moment an American invasion lands in this country, and I can't help feeling that there is some justification.

NOW I should be very sorry to see all our players taking to the immense number of clubs that the Americans carry, trusting entirely to the difference in their loft to produce the varying shots called for by a natural course, and there will always be certain emergencies which call for an entirely different swing or stance, or some unusual methods to meet them. But the perfect, classic rhythm of the American players is a great thing to be envied, and, if possible, copied. Then, in crises, our golfers would not have to worry about how they were hitting the ball, but could concentrate on the far more difficult matter of controlling their temperaments. The actual swinging of the club ought to be such a matter of routine, such an almost subconscious action, that it is instinctively done right without any effort. That is the ideal for which Miss Enid Wilson seems to work, and which enables her never to play below a certain pitch, and, in moments of complete inspiration, as in the afternoon rounds of both the two last Open Championship finals, to rise to superlative heights.

I know that swings will always differ a certain amount. You could recognise those of Miss Van Wie, Mrs. Glenna Collett Vare, and Miss Helen Hicks half a mile off, even if you could not see who they were. But peculiarities, unorthodoxies, ought to be smoothed out of players' swings while they are young. They will often say that such and such a thing is not natural to them. Well and good; each must make the best of their particular strengths and not let them be hindrances, but didn't Bobby Jones say that there 's no such thing as a really natural swing, and doesn't Miss Wethered tell you that she has to work and think frightfully hard over hers? If those two own that they do not hit the ball by the light of nature, but as the result of thinking out and perfecting the right swing, I don't see, do you, why any of us should expect to do differently?

Yours ever,
ELEANOR E. HELME.

"Steel Shaft's" Open Letters: No. 9. To Miss S. Bailey and Mrs. H. Guedalla

MY DEAR MISS SYLVIA BAILEY,

I'D better own up straightaway to two feelings about you. One is an immense admiration of your swing and the other is a disappointment that it hasn't taken you further yet. I can't really see what hole there is to pick in your style Some critics say you crouch, but I don't mind that particularly, and as for the pace of your swing, I think that 's one of its beauties, because it never seems to get out of control. You have, in fact, got beautiful style, and I think you generally play your best in a championship; you want the stimulus of it. You certainly play your worst against an indifferent opponent or one whom you think you ought to beat. Now I wonder if that is where you go wrong? Do you think you ought to beat, very easily, a good many people whom you really ought to be quite pleased if you beat at all? Or is that very brave manner about it put on to try and hide, even from yourself, that you 're not quite easy about it? I do so wonder! There must be something wrong somewhere in temperament, because that swing of yours ought by now to have taken you very near the top of the tree. I wonder if you 're too inclined to be wondering what people are thinking about you, instead of getting on with the job, and letting other people think what they will? There are always critics over everything, but anybody who is really giving all their mind to the job in hand, and doing their best at it, has no need to bother about the critics. You are not, for instance, under the slightest obligation to heed anything that I'm saying. All the same, I 'm your sincere well-wisher, Yours critically, STEEL SHAFT.

Miss Sylvia Bailey

Mrs. Herbert Guedalla

MY DEAR MRS. GUEDALLA,

I FEEL some hesitation about writing to you. You have really done so marvellously well, and it seems rather futile to try and make constructive suggestions to anybody who first played for England twenty-five years ago, and fifteen years after that first appearance won her first close championship. For, mind you, I'm out to give constructive criticism, not merely to pick holes.

What 's the use of my telling you that your swing has a kink in it? You know that, and have done everything possible to smooth it out. Or that you stab your putts? You hole a remarkable lot of them, and I know nobody to better you in a tight corner, or in an apparently hopeless place in the rough or a bunker. Everybody says that you 're never beaten till the last putt 's down, and it 's true. I take off my hat to you.

Yours critically,
STEEL SHAFT.

The Gentle Art of being Beautiful: By "Maquillage"

"MORE THAN SKIN DEEP."

Science Comes to the Rescue of Beauty in Distress by Regenerating and Rejuvenating the Skin's Underlying Cells.

THERE are moments in a woman's life when she feels that circumstances, or the years, are getting the better of her. Her looking-glass tells her depressing truths. Even if it does not reveal actual wrinkles, there is apparent a loss of youthful contour, of freshness and radiance, and, possibly, fine lines about the eyes, and general sluggishness and lack of elasticity tell her what will soon be apparent to all—that her youth and beauty are passing. To nearly all women this is a very real catastrophe—a psychological as well as a physical, and often an economic, crisis. The very livelihood of hundreds of women depends on their appearance: not only actresses and film stars, but many professional and business women *must* keep young to keep their jobs.

Winter is a particularly trying time. Wind, fog, and frost make cruel assaults on delicate complexions, vitality is lowered by cold, lack of sunlight, the difficulty of getting exercise in the fresh air, and winter ailments, especially the pestilential influenza. All these things take their toll of beauty which has not the immunity of exuberant youth and perfect health.

At such times women feel that something more than their accustomed aids to beauty is needed. In Germany, the practice of what we call "beauty culture" is much more generally undertaken by the medical faculty, and many well-known doctors and surgeons prescribe rejuvenating treatments and practise cosmetic surgery. Thirty years ago, Dr. Kapp, of Leipzig University, was performing plastic operations for what we call "face-lifting," which is still treated with awe (and secrecy) in this country.

DR. KAPP has devoted his life and all his scientific skill to the study of cosmetic therapy. His wide knowledge and experience of dermatology convinced him that true rejuvenation could be accomplished by revitalising the important epithelial cells, the atrophy and shrinkage of which cause sagging, wrinkles, and all the visible symptoms of age. After many years of experiment he has perfected a formula which actually performs this remarkable regeneration and rejuvenation by acting directly on these important subcutaneous cells, and which is, at the same time, beneficial to circulation and general health. This invaluable discovery is now available in this country under the name of "W.5" tablets.

That a course of these tablets will actually bring about remarkable rejuvenation is no wild and unsubstantiated claim. In a valuable booklet, obtainable free from the Gelty Distributing Company, 158-162, Oxford Street, W.1, the theory and action of what may sound like a miracle, but is actually a scientific process, is clearly and scientifically described with excellent explanatory illustrations, as well as extracts reprinted from articles in authoritative medical journals and the reports of doctors on the results of "W.5" tablets prescribed for patients of all ages and both sexes. A study of this brochure would, I am sure, convince many that a course of "W.5" tablets is what they need in order to recover both the appearance and sensation of youthful vitality which have been threatened by winter—personal or climatic.

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CVS—22

The Doggy World

Teach Your Dog Self-Reliance: By Lady Kitty Ritson

IT is most important, if you wish your dog to be happy, and yourself likewise, that you teach it to be self-reliant, and unless you do so you will lay up for yourself endless misery and heart-burnings.

You may wonder what I mean by self-reliant. Well, I mean able to look after itself, if it gets into any difficulty, without losing its head ; able to find its way home, without panicking, if it should get lost, and other things of the same description. I have seen lost dogs that have made it easy to help them, and others that have got killed through being so frightened that they have rushed into destruction.

You must begin when the puppy is very young, and it is most interesting to watch its development. Bring it into a room and put some obstruction in its way when it is in search of food. It will whine to begin with, and then, if it is intelligent, it will find a way out of the difficulty. But if it is not intelligent, all the more reason not to give it any assistance, for once you begin helping it, it will learn to rely upon you on every occasion, and thus, through life, it will be completely lost if there is nobody there to help it.

IF you have a litter of puppies you will begin to notice a difference very early in their mental make-up in this particular, and if you want one as a pet only, be sure to choose the puppy that can look after itself. When you take them out, notice how, out of the lot, one or two will get into a field through a gap in the hedge, and when they want to get out they will go back from where they came or else they will find another exit, but the stupid puppy will lose its head and whine for you to take it up. Sometimes even it will profit by experience, and will copy its brother's example, but if you happen to have a single puppy and it behaves like this, be firm. Continue your walk until you can hide yourself, seeing, but unseen, and in most cases you will find that the puppy will manage to find its way out. Supposing it doesn't—well then, go back, and show it the way out, but don't actually lift it out. When it does scramble through, make a great fuss of it, and make it realise what a grand fellow it is. Remember that, civilisation being what it is, you must teach the young dog many things that in the wilds its mother would have taught it, and self-reliance is one of them.

A sense of traffic is another thing, but I admit, frankly, that this is difficult, as it is often kill or cure. A slight bump with a bicycle I have found most useful in the matter of teaching youngsters to avoid moving vehicles, and if you live in the country, and can trust your neighbours, you will generally find that young dogs do learn to get out of the way. But it is important to do your teaching when the animal is young, before you get too devoted, or else, later on, you cannot bring yourself to take the risk.

But a self-reliant dog is a happy dog and has a contented master.

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Sport with the Lid Off

(Continued from page 181)

A Dash at the Darts

Left : W. H. Migotti (Secretary O.U.B.C.) trying his luck at darts when playing against a local club of enthusiasts at Oxford

Below : Mr. George Usher (Master), Mr. John Pitman, and Miss Noel Orr at the meet of the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire

A Meet at Champfleurie

abnormally swift Joe Hulme, who could perfectly well have played. Hulme, with his astonishing speed, would probably have upset the Walsall defence entirely, even if the Arsenal had persisted in keeping the ball close, another inexplicable tactical error. Why the Arsenal players allowed themselves to be shaken and generally manhandled, instead of swinging the ball about with long passes, beats me completely, and it certainly beat the Arsenal. Still, there it is, and this kind of reversal of fortune is surely good for the game.

AND now we come to a real battle, this time at the White City, between Petersen and Pettifer on Thursday. I shall go, though I don't care for fights at the White City particularly, but I shall go to see whether Pettifer is capable of taking the chance of a lifetime. There is no valid reason why he should not beat Petersen and become British heavy-weight champion ; he has a four-stone advantage in weight, several inches in height and reach, and considerably superior boxing ability. If Pettifer will go into that ring determined to use his natural gifts with the utmost ferocity, he will win ; but if he allows lethargy to overcome him, Petersen will hammer him to pieces. And I think, myself, that fighting spirit will turn the scales, and that Petersen, with his speed and aggressiveness, will catch big Pettifer napping. I see, by the way, that the New York boxing authorities have graciously allowed it to be known that they consider Seaman Watson is good enough to box for a world's title. Isn't that kind of the gentlemen ? And what a racket it all is !

I AM glad to tell you that the new competition for THE BYSTANDER £500 Golf Trophy, which is a week-end Amateur Tournament for men, taking place at Felixstowe on March 18th and 19th, is already attracting a large number of entries, and I would suggest to those who have already made up their minds to compete not to wait until the last moment before doing so. Particulars of what will be a jolly meeting, with plenty of golf for all, have already been published, but my golfing colleague, Gerard Fairlie, will be pleased to send full information to any intending competitor.

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Greyhound Racing: Common Sense and the Totalisator By "White Citizen"

Both in clubs in Mayfair and at street-corners anywhere discussions frequently take place as to the sanity or otherwise of Members of Parliament. In the heat of the moment, entirely unfair criticisms are frequently made of individual Members of the House of Commons, but when the temperature has returned to normal it is usual in the clubs and on the streets for everyone to admit that, speaking generally, the Members of the House of Commons form a very fair body, and one which, although not immune from making mistakes, since it is composed of human beings, yet will not make even a wrong decision without very carefully going into all the facts which are available.

But Members of Parliament are busy men, almost incessantly worried by their Whips and their constituencies, and there are times when Commissions are set up in order to sift a large mass of evidence and to come to a conclusion, not in the name of Parliament, but in order to guide its members in making its final decision. The findings of these Commissions are sometimes accepted in full, are sometimes accepted only in part, and are at other times rejected entirely. It is up to the individual Members of Parliament to vote according to their consciences and come to what they consider to be the rightful and the fair conclusion.

Recently, owing to what some people term a wave of gambling, and others the success of the Irish sweepstakes, a Commission was appointed to report on gambling generally in this country, and just lately this Commission was asked for an interim report on the subject of the totalisator. This matter had become urgent because of the growth of "Tote" clubs throughout the country, and because of the number of greyhound race-tracks being established all over the country with totalisators to each one. This interim report has just been published, and it states, in no measured terms, that the Commission finds that there is no excuse for the totalisator on greyhound racing tracks, and that there is no excuse for the "Tote" clubs. With this latter finding no sane man will disagree, but with the finding against greyhound racing clubs, the facts, as stated by the Commission, would make a man hesitate before admitting its truth. But (and there is a very big "but") the Commission states baldly that whereas there are, around London, 187 or so horse-race meetings in the year, there are 4000 greyhound racing meetings, and that this provides so great a number of opportunities for gambling on the part of the poor man that it must constitute a social evil, and one which should be stopped.

Now, to the ordinary man in the street, who has perhaps been once or twice in his life to the White City or to Harringay, and seen there perhaps an average of 10,000 people thoroughly interested in the sport of greyhound racing, this argument on the part of the Commission seems fairly reasonable. On the other hand, in saying that there are 4000 greyhound racing meetings in the year—a statement which anybody connected with greyhound racing cannot deny—the Commission does not take into consideration the fact that this number includes all the tiny uncontrolled little meetings which take place and which may attract not more than fifty people. Greyhound racing suffers from the fact that it is very easy to promote. It is quite sufficient for a man to hire a field, to put canvas screens around this field so that people must pay to enter and see the sport, to find a few decrepit dogs and let them run after a hare which is being mechanised by the wheel of a motor-car. Everyone knows the cost of a second-hand motor-car which will achieve this purpose; the cost of that sort of dog is nearly negligible; and in these days of depression most farmers will be prepared to hire out a field for practically nothing.

It will be seen, therefore, that an attendance of less than fifty people at frequent meetings will bring in a return to the promoter which justifies him, in his eyes, in his enterprise. The point that I am getting at, which now must be clear to my readers, is that the Commission has taken into consideration these meetings just as much as they have the well-organised and properly-run meetings at the White City and at Harringay, and, in fact, at all the leading tracks of the country which are properly controlled by the National Greyhound Racing Club, and the Commission is blandly allowing this misapprehension to continue and, naturally, to weigh against the good name of the sport generally.

In the first paragraph of this article I described the confidence placed by the general public in decisions of the House of Commons. Let us hope that in this matter this confidence will not be misplaced, and that individual Members of Parliament will take the trouble to find out the true facts and will not accept the finding of the Commission without personal investigation. The social evil—if evil there is—which I deny—is nothing like the size which has been described in the report of the Commission, which is most misleading. There are a hundred and one other arguments which might be put forward, but I think it is best to leave it like this: merely an appeal to individual Members of the House of Commons to play fair.

The Gourmet: Conducted by Emilia

SOME COLD ENTRÉES

Côtelettes de Homard

Crême de Volaille aux Tomates

Olives de Bœuf

Salade de Choux-de-Mer

Côtelettes de Homard

Remove all the flesh from a lobster and cut it up into cold pieces. Take any coral from the lobster, dry it and pound it in a mortar with 1 oz. of butter, then pass it through a hair sieve. Put 1 oz. of butter and 1 oz. of flour into a stewpan, and mix them well over the fire; add one gill of water, and boil well. Then put in the coral butter, one tablespoonful of cream, a little salt and cayenne. Mix well, then add the lobster, and turn all out on a plate to cool; shape into cutlets, egg and breadcrumb each, and fry in a saucepan of fat. Now have ready some good aspic jelly, and when nearly cold, make each cutlet with it. Let the cutlets get cold, dish them in a circle, and serve in the centre a macédoine of vegetables in mayonnaise sauce.

Crême de Volaille aux Tomates

Weigh 8 oz. of raw chicken, free from skin, bone, and sinew; put it three times through the mincing machine, pound it, using a little cream to moisten, and rub through a sieve, using a little stock. This done, add the yolks of two beaten eggs, ½-oz. of gelatine dissolved in one gill of milk, half a gill of white sauce, pepper and salt to taste, and the stiffly-whipped whites of two eggs. Place in a buttered mould and steam for two hours. Be careful not to cook the cream too fast or it will curdle. Leave until cold, turn out, and serve with cold tomato sauce poured round.

Olives de Bœuf

Cut slices of beef from a tender rump-steak about 1½ to 2 inches wide; sprinkle each of the strips with either minced ham, bacon, or veal stuffing, season with pepper and salt, roll up tightly, and fasten both ends with a piece of thread, which must, of course, be removed before serving. Lay the olives in a shallow stewpan, cover with clear brown gravy, and cook gently for half an hour or more. To serve the olives cold, some brown glaze must be added to the gravy, and before this quite sets, coat each olive rather thickly with it, and garnish prettily with sliced beetroot or any salad to taste.

Salade de Choux-de-Mer

Boil some seakale until quite tender, drain it and cut into half-inch lengths. Take care that it is quite dry. Put into a salad-bowl. An hour before serving, pour over some mayonnaise sauce, and lay on the top a few fillets of anchovies.

The Editor's Box

Free Swinging

On the right is a picture of Percy Allis wearing one of the new Dunlop weatherproof golf coats, which are so cunningly "built" that there is no pull, even with the wildest swing, either at the elbow or under the arm.

Looking Ahead

Plans for the 1933 season in Harrogate are well advanced. The electrical illuminations of the town and the Valley Gardens, so popular last year, will be extended next summer. The Corporation have invited the organisers of the Northern Command Tattoo to consider Harrogate for the 1933 event; this would be an excellent choice, for position and accommodation.

All entries for The Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* The Bystander *for the current week.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* The Bystander, 346, Strand, W.C.2. *The scratch score of the course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

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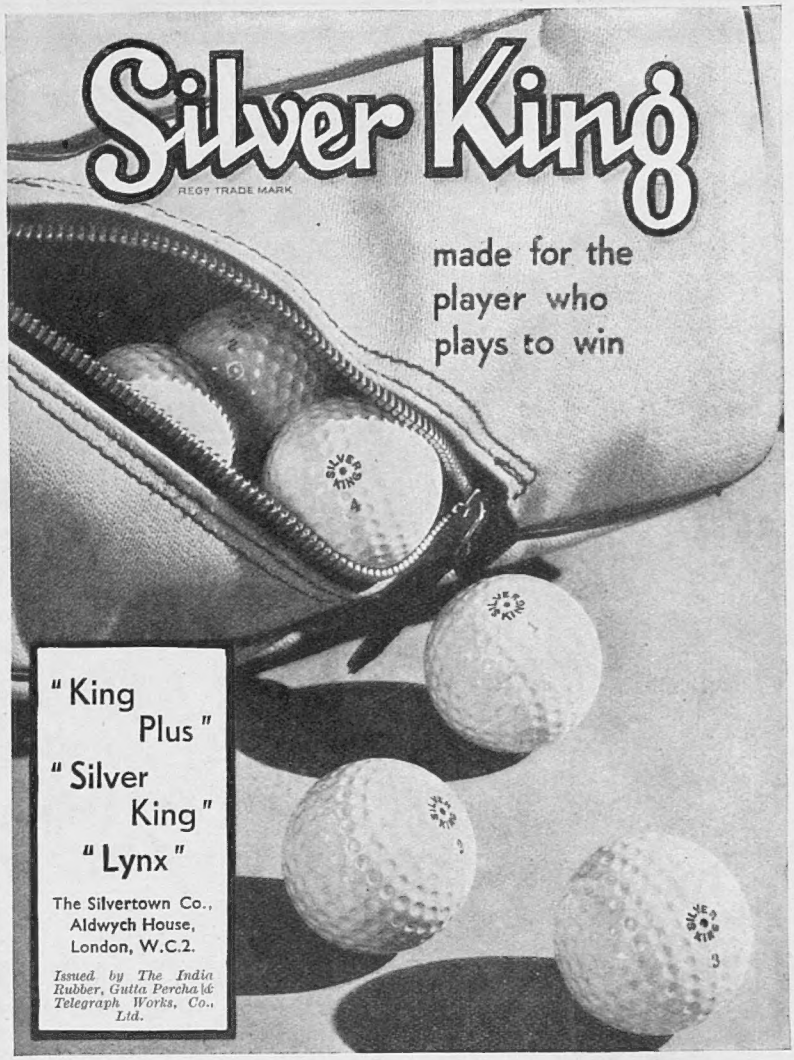

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Engagements	4,942,906
ASSETS	
Coin, Bank Notes and Balances with Bank of England	43,007,981
Balances with, and Cheques on other Banks	14,348,542
Money at Call and Short Notice	20,596,690
Investments at or under Market Value	93,065,351
Bills Discounted	86,505,644
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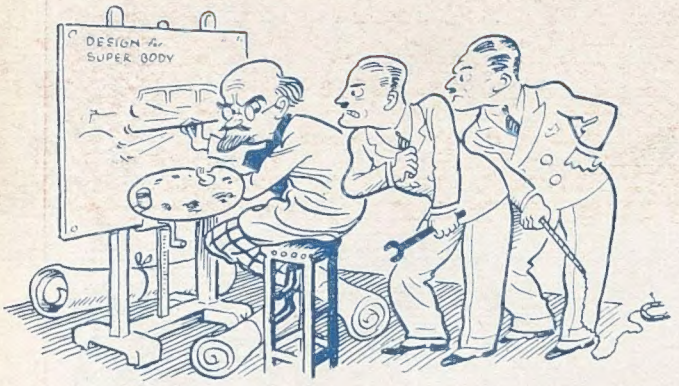

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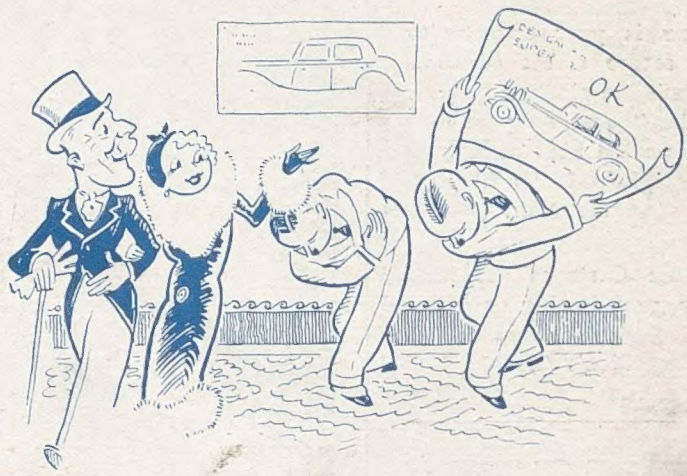

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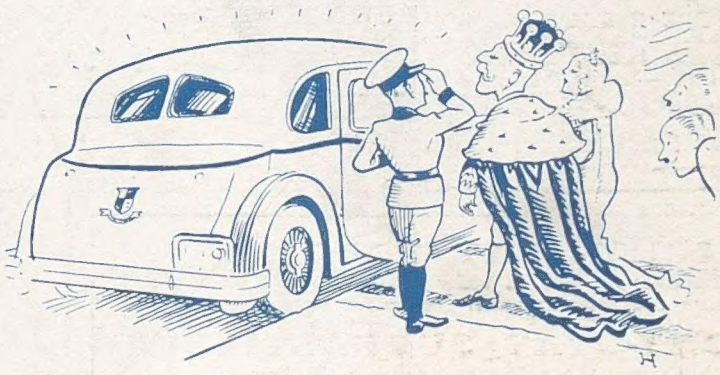

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